Methodist Magazine and Review.

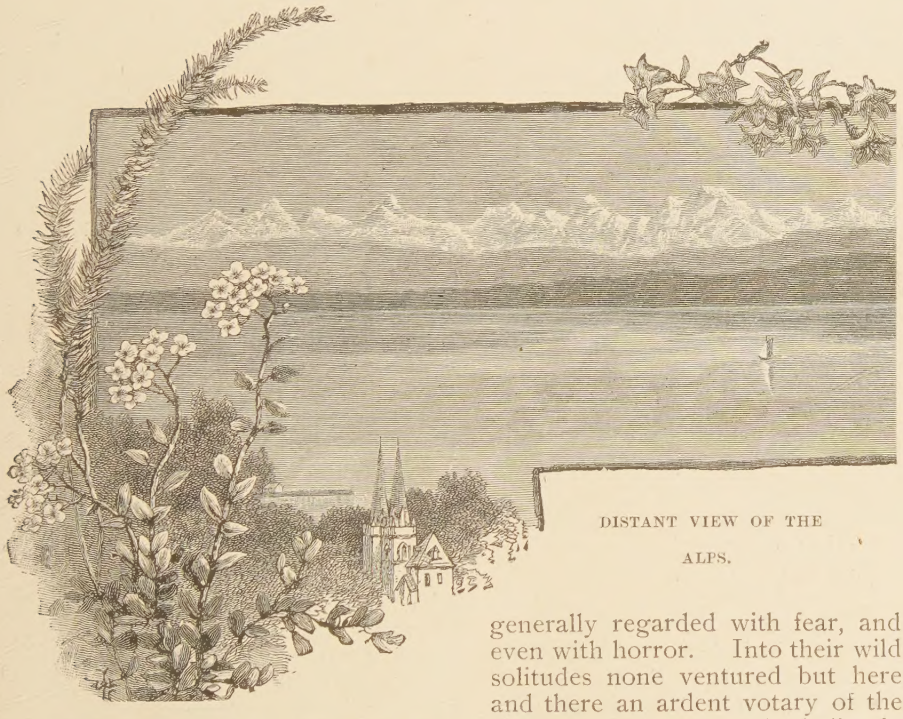
AUGUST, 1896.

THE CONQUEST OF MONT BLANC.

BY PASTOR ALFRED CERESOLE.

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
They crowned him long ago,
On his throne of rock with his robe of ice,
And his diadem of snow.

La "Montagne Maudite" est devenue pour Chamounix la Montagne Bénie.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE ALPS.

Up to the middle of the last century the Alps, with their grand white domes swept by fierce winds, their soaring pinnacles of rock, their rugged glaciers full of yawning chasms, their rock-strewn slopes devoid of vegetation, and their terrible avalanches, were generally regarded with fear, and even with horror. Into their wild solitudes none ventured but here and there an ardent votary of the chase, a botanist or herbalist in search of some medicinal plant, and seekers of crystals and rare stones.

It would probably be difficult to find the position of Mont Blanc marked upon a map of earlier date than the seventeenth century.

Although its summit is visible nearly a hundred miles away, no writer had deigned to mention it during all the preceding centuries. But though so long unrecognized, the "Monarch of the Alps" was well able to bide his time, and to disregard the conspiracy of silence into which it would almost seem that topographers, travellers, and the learned in general had entered with regard to him.

Public attention was first called to this district by two English travellers, Messrs. Windham and Pococke, who in 1741 paid a visit to the Valley of the Arve. They returned to Geneva to proclaim the marvels of the glacier Des Bois, the borders of which they had seen, and to which they had

ON THE MER DE GLACE.

given the name of the Mer de Glace, or "Sea of Ice." Strange to say, in the description which these first pioneers have left us there is not a word regarding the loftiest of the Alpine peaks.

In the following year, 1742, a new expedition set out, a party of Genevese, including a botanist and a geographical engineer named Pierre Martel. The latter was desirous of determining the position and elevation of several peaks. He mentions three of them, among the number being Mont Blanc, called also "La Montagne Maudite," "The Accursed Mountain," but did not attempt to scale its lofty height.

Another twenty years elapsed before travellers began to include this district in their itinerary. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, however, two citizens of Geneva, Marc Theodore Bourrit and Horace Benedict de Saussure, surnamed "The Homer of the Alps," both set their hearts with equal determination upon accomplishing the ascent of Mont Blanc. They offered a considerable reward to any one who would be their guide in this undertaking.

A young mountaineer of Chamounix, Jacques Balmat, was determined to be the first to conquer the mystery of Mont Blanc. He began by exploring the glaciers at its foot. Nature led him on and on to try and discover its secrets. The deep blue depths of the crevasse struck no terror into his heart. He gazed with fearless eyes and the courage of youth at all the marvels around him. To those of us who have followed in his steps the wonder is that he was brave enough to face the mountain solitudes alone.

With a wooden alpenstock and a guide's sack filled with provisions, he started when the stars were touching the great white dome. Whether the terror of the death-like stillness daunted him, or the insuperable difficulties of the route he had chosen, this first expedition ended in failure. A number of companions offered to accompany him. As far as the Grand Plateau all went well; then the courage of all save Balmat melted like the snow in summer, and they left the young mountaineer to continue his perilous journey alone.

Alone, with fields of dazzling snow on every side, and surrounded by crevasses of unknown depth, Balmat passed the night. In the darkness the thunder of the falling avalanches seemed doubly terrible. In graphic words he tells of the hours spent amid the snows which

had never been trodden by foot of man. In order to maintain his footing he had to cut holes with his ironshod alpenstock. "It was neither easy nor amusing," he says," "to be suspended, as it were, upon one leg, with a profound abyss below you, and nothing but a species of ice ladder to cling to. But by perseverance, I succeeded at last in reaching the Red Rocks."

His hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment; for between him and the summit which he so eagerly longed to gain was a mighty and steep wall of ice, which it would have been impossible to have mounted without cutting hundreds of steps. Without knowing where he was, he passed the night, with no covering, seated on his knapsack, on the brink of a crevasse. It was his fourth bivouac under the open sky, and he narrowly escaped being frozen to death. At last, as the dawn appeared, he hurried, feeling death pursuing him, down into the valley, reached home almost blind, and threw himself upon the hay, where he slept for four-and-twenty hours. He had, however, convinced himself that the summit could be gained.

Scarcely was he awake, when he hastened to Dr. Paccard, to communicate to him his discovery of a possible route, and to persuade him "to accompany him up yonder." On August 7th, 1786, these two leave Chamounix in silence. The following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they reach the extreme point attained by the intrepid Balmat in his former venture. A fierce wind from the northwest breaks loose upon them. Dr. Paccard, exhausted, declines to proceed further, and sinks to the ground. Balmat pursues his way alone. Continually ascending, he arrives at a point where he sees the precipices falling off all round him and where his delighted gaze penetrates into the depths on all sides. It is the summit! The victory is won. Mont Blanc is vanquished.

Breathless with haste, and elated with his triumph, Balmat now returns to his companion, rouses him, chafes his numbed limbs, and induces him to ascend in his turn to the summit of the mountain, which the pair reach at six o'clock in the evening. A market-woman at Chamounix, looking through her telescope, sees two little black specks on the mountain-summit waving a handkerchief at the end of a staff, and runs to spread the news through the village. The inhabitants quickly assemble, and give vent to their joy in loud huzzahs.

AUBERGE AT THE CHAPEAU, MONT BLANC.

The name of the intrepid mountaineer of Pelerins was now in all mouths. He received a present

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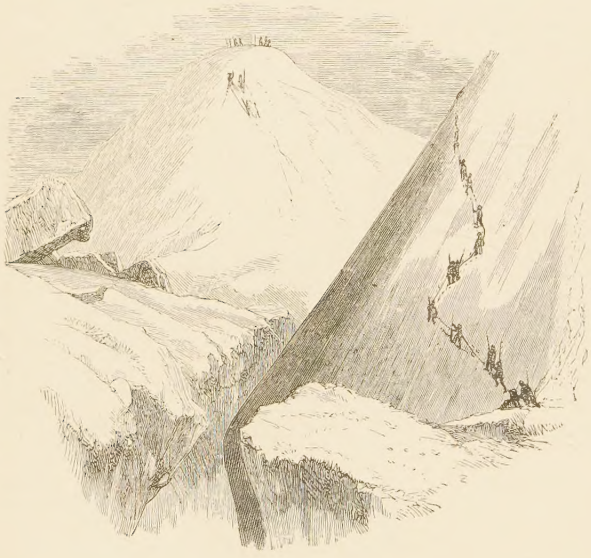
and a diploma from the King of Sardinia. A subscription was opened in his honour, and on August 13th, he visited De Saussure, who received him with transports of joy and handed over to him the promised recompense.

The following year, the learned naturalist, Saussure, left Chamounix under the guidance of Balmat, and accompanied by his servant and seventeen porters, carrying provisions, scientific instruments, ladders, and a tent, determined to reach the summit of Mont Blanc.



ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

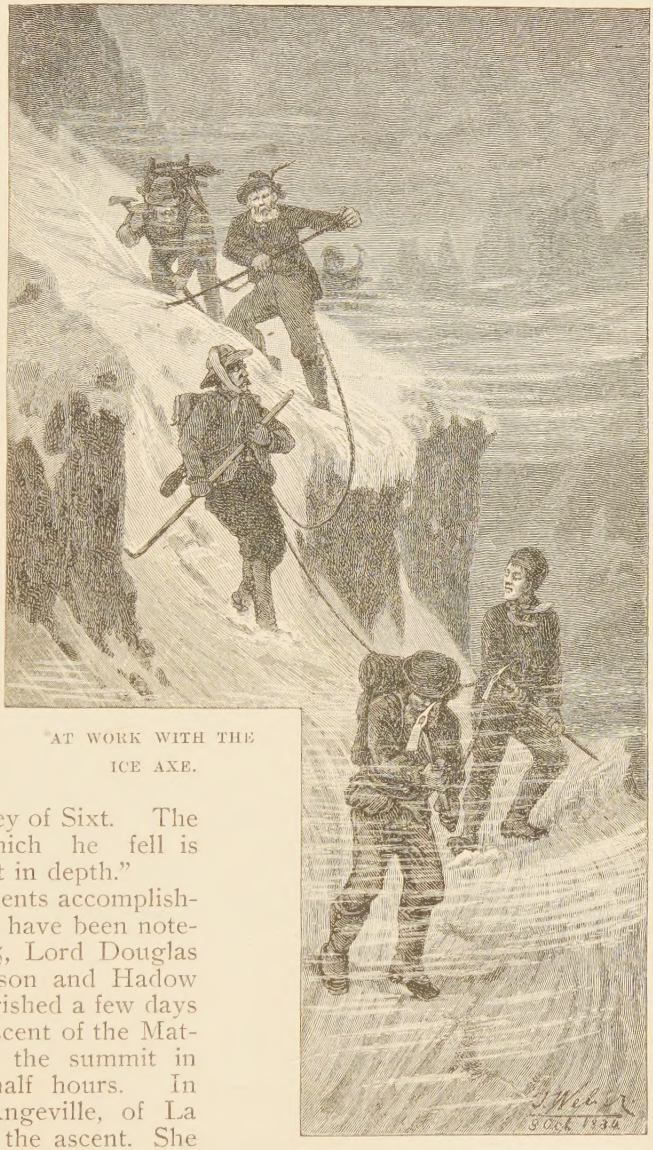
The first day's work was easy. The second day's was more fatiguing. With much difficulty they crossed the glacier, which was full of wide crevasses, and passed the night on the snow, at an altitude of nearly 13,000 feet. On the third day, near noon, De Saussure and his numerous attendants reached the goal of his dreams and aspirations. "My first glance," he says, "was directed towards Chamounix, where I knew that my wife and her two sisters were following through the telescope all my steps with an inquietude no doubt unnecessarily great, but none the less tormenting; and I felt greatly relieved when I saw the flag flying which they had promised to hoist as soon as, seeing me on the summit, their fears should be at least suspended.

"I was then able to enjoy the grand spectacle which I had beneath my eyes—the assemblage of lofty peaks with whose organization I had so long desired to become acquainted. I could scarcely believe my eyes—it seemed to me to be a dream—when I saw beneath my feet those terrific summits whose very bases I had found it so difficult and dangerous to reach. A single glance cleared up difficulties which years of study had not been able to solve."

He remained on the summit four hours and a half, and made numerous observations, both physical and physiological. The next day, the entire party re-entered Chamounix, safe and sound, and hailed by the acclamations of the entire population. A few days later, an English physician, Mr. Beaufroy, made the ascent of the mountain with ten guides.

Mont Blanc has since been ascended more than 1,050 times, being an average of ten ascents per annum. We have taken these figures from the famous register of the Company of Guides of Chamounix. In this notable volume, a ponderous folio, with brass-tipped corners, kept under a glass case in

the office of the chief of the guides, we find an exact catalogue of the different ascents, their date, the names of the tourists and of the guides, and unfortunately—the records of the different accidents that have happened. Here and there stands a cross and the words, "Requiescat in Pace," recalling sad memories. On one of these pages we find the record of the tragic death of the pioneer of Mont Blanc: "Jacques Balmat, died September, 1834. His body lay at the bottom of an immense abyss, where avalanches of stones and ice fall every moment, at the foot of one of the lofty peaks bounding the valley of Sixt. The precipice over which he fell is more than 400 feet in depth."



AT WORK WITH THE ICE AXE.

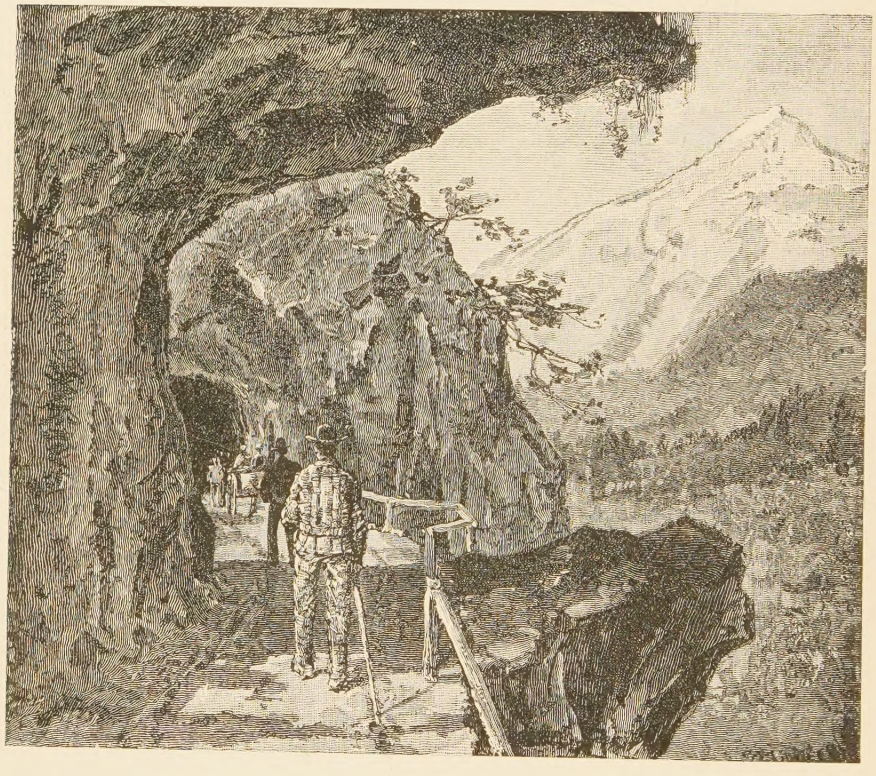
Some of the ascents accomplished in recent years have been noteworthy. In 1865, Lord Douglas and Messrs. Hudson and Hadow (the same who perished a few days later in the first ascent of the Matterhorn), reached the summit in fourteen and a half hours. In 1838, Mdlle. D'Angeville, of La Bresse, attempted the ascent. She seems to have resolved to accomplish it or perish in the attempt, for she said to her guide, Couttet: "If I die before reaching the summit, swear to me that you will carry my body up and bury it there!" She not only attained the goal, but may even be said to have gone beyond it, for, on reaching the summit, she made her guides lift her up and hold her for a moment above their heads.

On August 18th, 1875, a young lady of 16, Mdlle. Aline Loppe, daughter of the painter of Mont

Blanc, made the ascent. On the way her party was joined by another, which included the Marquis de Turenne, an old gentleman of 72. And so it has gone on, till at length no less than 61 stout-hearted ladies have left their little foot-prints on the summit of Mont Blanc.

The first mishap in connection with ascents of Mont Blanc took place in August, 1820. At the head of the expedition was a Dr. Hamel, Russian Councillor of State. An avalanche overwhelmed the caravan and hurled three of the guides into a deep crevasse. Forty-one years later, their remains were found five miles lower down, the glacier gradually gave up its dead, in a state of wonderfully good preservation. The flesh was still firm. The silk veils were still entire.

In 1870 occurred the most serious accident of which the snows of Mont Blanc have been the scene. A party of eleven persons were making the ascent: two Americans, Mr. John Randall and Dr. Bean, and a Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Mark Corkendale, accompanied by three guides and five porters. Near the summit the expedition was surprised by a terrific storm. Blinded by the snow which the furious gale drove in their faces, the guides lost the path and all perished. Five corpses were found on September 17th near the Petits Mulets; what became of the other six is unknown.



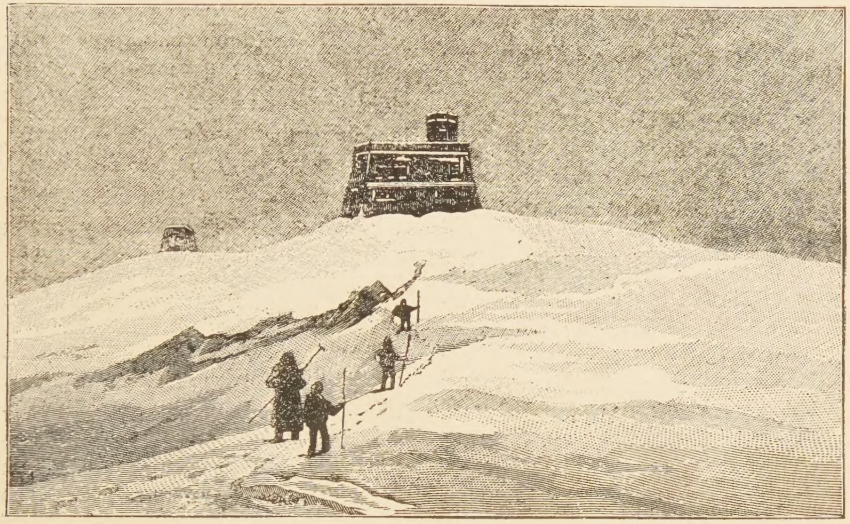
ON THE TETE NOIRE PASS.

Dr. Bean's note-book contained

the following farewell message to his wife: "September 7, evening.— My dear Hessie, we have been two days on Mont Blanc, in the midst of a terrible hurricane of snow; we have lost our way, and are in a hole scooped in the snow, at an altitude of 15,000 feet. I have no longer any hope of descending. Perhaps this note-book will be found and sent to you. We have nothing to eat, my feet are already frozen, and I am exhausted; I have strength to write only a few words more. I have left means for C's education; I know you will employ them wisely. I die with faith in God, and with loving thoughts of you. Farewell to all. We shall meet again, in heaven. .....I think of you always."

Twenty-five persons, — seven tourists and eighteen guides, or porters,—have lost their lives on this mountain.

The most signal conquest of Mount Blanc was the establishment of a scientific observatory for the study of astronomy and meteorology upon its very summit. This was a work of great difficulty. All the material— much of it heavy iron framing— had to be carried up on the backs of sturdy porters. Then the snow and ice had to be excavated to the depth of many feet in order to find a foundation on the living rock. But by persistent effort this was accomplished, and on this highest point in Europe, science has its outlook and reporting tower.



OBSERVATORY ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

AS YE HAVE RECEIVED.

Know thou the ladder of fame, prophet and leader of men?
Give, and thy giving shall be steps on the paths angels ken.
What is the road to all truth, teacher of life's earnest lore?
Stay not thy gifts, said the sage; this be thy guide evermore.
What is the way of the cross, preacher and guide of the soul?
Hide not thy talent, and pray; give, for God lendeth the whole.
Give of your soul's best fruits, strewing the path as ye go,
Give as ye have received, thus shall ye reap as ye sow.

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS.

BY THE EDITOR.

TRADES AND OCCUPATIONS.

II.

SHERBET SELLER, CAIRO.

Much in evidence throughout the bazaar is the confectionery stall. In the Orientals the sweet tooth is highly developed. A favourite mixture is known as the "Turkish Delight," — a rich paste of arrow-root and pistachio nut, strongly flavoured—as is almost all of their confectionery—with rose water and orange blossoms. The whole operation of manufacture may be seen in the bazaars, the charcoal fires, the many trays and bowls, slabs and jars, and the countless jumbles of bright coloured candies.

The inscriptions over many of the shops do not announce the name or business of the occupant, but consist of pious phrases, such as, "O Allah! Thou who Openest the Gates of Profit!" "O Allah! Thou who Helpest us in Want!" "Aid from Allah, and Rapid Victory!" These and similar ejaculations are invariably repeated by the shop-keeper as he takes down his shutters in the morning. When he leaves the shop he either hangs a net in front of it, or begs a neighbour to keep guard over it.

Another striking figure is the Sakka, or water-carrier, with his goat-skin of water on his back—an ugly, bloated carcase of most repulsive appearance. Sometimes he carries an earthenware jar on his back, from which he dispenses water for a very small coin, and sometimes for nothing, being employed by pious Moslems, as an act of religious merit, to distribute water without money and without price. Often the water is flavoured with orange blossom or anise seed. The sellers of sherbet and other summer drinks make a continual clicking with the brass cups from which they dispense their rather insipid beverages. The street cries are of stentorian power, but are, of course, unintelligible unless interpreted.

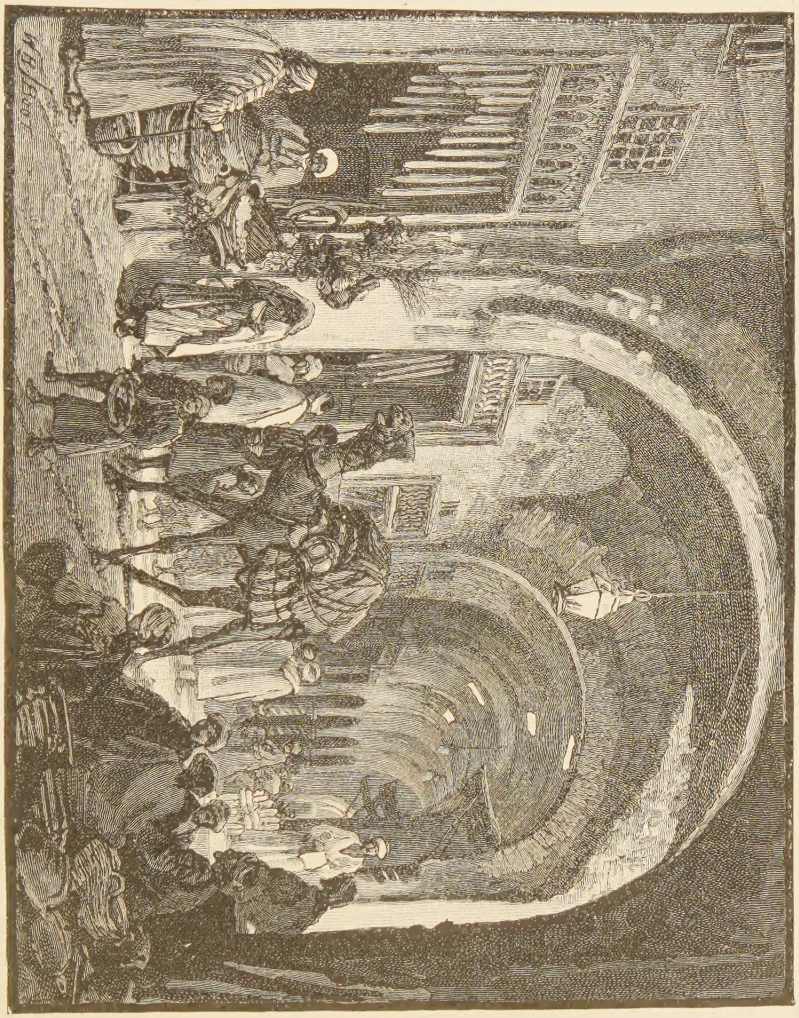
A wonderfully picturesque place is the market at Assouan, on the borders of Nubia, with its great piles of wheat, or doura—a sort of pea, used for food for camels and for bread—of sugar-cane, dates, gum arabic, elephants' tusks, rhinoceros and crocodile hides, and the like, brought by camel caravans from the distant desert. The Arabs, Soudanese, Berbers, Bicherese, and other native races, give great variety and picturesqueness to the scene.

As we rode along through the bazaars, craftsmen of every sort are hard at work—the blacksmith, brazier and coppersmith ringing on their noisy anvils; boys polishing chains by shaking them in a bag; the dyer red-handed at his work, the turner at his lathe, the cabinet-maker and wood-worker seated on the ground, and holding their work with their toes, as shown in our cut; the corn merchant in his dusty bazaar, the date and fig seller in his stall, the vendor of sherbets, or of water, clashing his brass cups as he

passes, and crying, "Ho, everyone that thirsteth," and a thousand varied types of Oriental life.

One day, in Jerusalem, I saw in a grain bazaar a striking illustration of the Scripture, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." A grain merchant was selling wheat, pressing it down and heaping it up again just as shown in the picture.

Almost everything is sold by weight in an old-fashioned pair of scales, such as is shown in one of our cuts. The wicker basket in the other part of the cut furnishes the stand on which the tray of cakes is placed. It is amusing to note the dignified manner of some of those bearded and turbaned patriarchs, as they squat behind their little pile of figs or oranges, which they sell by weight. So primitive



ORIENTAL BAZAAR.

are the scales at many of these booths and sidewalk stands, that the buyer is at the mercy of the vendor, and must trust to his honesty and fair dealing.

Instead of an inscription there is frequently a sign, as a brass dish for the barber's shop, a sugar-cane for the grocer's, or, as in the picture, a stuffed crocodile, indicating the entrance to a bath house.

holding the paper upon the palm of the hand, and writing with a reed pen. Such scribes are in special request for writing legal documents, marriage contracts and the like, and sometimes one may behold a heavily veiled woman dictating to a scribe perhaps some tender message to her absent lord and master.

Wherever there is a mosque in

"GOOD MEASURE, PRESSED DOWN, RUNNING OVER."

A common figure in the bazaars or streets—we have even seen them in Naples—is the public letter-writer. Few of the people can read, and fewer still can write. So when the unlettered Jew or Arab wishes to send a written communication, he must employ the help of one of these professional scribes. The writing is done in the most awkward way one can imagine, by

the East, says a recent writer, there is a letter-writer. If you sit all day, as many a painter does, within view of his trembling fingers (it is rare to find a rapid penman in the East), you will get an idea nothing else could give you of the life of the people. For this old man not only writes the letters of all applicants, but reads to them, too, those letters that have been written by

other writers, sitting under other arches in other towns. What blind confidence must the poor people have in his wisdom and honesty !

He sits cross-legged, pen in hand, the pen often being made of a reed, and his ink sometimes filling the horn of a goat or a small earthen pot, suspended from a hook fastened to the table. To him the women in Yasmak and Ferinje come, settling themselves about him, whispering their secrets of love, intrigue, or domestic joys and sorrows. Old mothers with dropped veils will bring letters from their sons in the army, or living in distant parts of the empire. As the scribe reads them you can see by the varied expressions that cross the women's faces just what the letters have to tell. Lamentations will often follow, the poor women bowing their heads or beating their breasts as the words fall from his lips. The younger women, more carefully veiled, whisper their secrets close in his ear, their eyes lighting with pleasure, or drawn close with anxiety.

Young men come in baggy trousers made of yards and yards of stuff, and from their capacious girdles extract soiled scraps of writing to be deciphered—news from home perhaps, or from some comrade with whom they served as conscripts.

But the face of the old scribe never changes. He has heard it all before. He knows just what answer they will wish to send. He has a ready letter-writer for all comers—for the man too dull to express himself in written word or too sluggish to convey thought. With unmoved face and quiet manner he translates the emotions of all into the curious curves and dots that make the sign-language of that people, for he understands the hearts about him. We like sometimes to think our emotions individual. But the wise old scribe knows better. The name of the old mother and of the son, of the

BREAD VENDORS, CAIRO.

TURKISH DELIGHT VENDORS, JERUSALEM.

young woman or man, may differ in different cases; they may live in widely separated places. But there is a formula the old scribe carries which fits all these cases. He has tried it so often.

DOORWAY, CAIRO.

"The barber's shop," says Dr. Van Lennep, "is constructed like the cafe. It can be distinguished only by the razors and strops on the wall, and by a coarse cloth hung at the window, displaying, in a grim style of embroidery, set off by large blue beads, the many teeth which the owner has had the honour to extract from his customers' jaws. The razor of the ancients was precisely like that of the moderns. The barber in Turkey is the ordinary surgeon, doing the bleeding, cupping, and tooth-pulling, while the apothecary administers the drugs. These two also prescribe for the patients; they disdain to put themselves under orders or to follow the prescriptions of the doctor. There is, indeed, no room left for the latter personage. According to the ideas of the country, a mere consultation is never paid for, but simply the drugs furnished to the patients.

Perhaps the most characteristic native shops in Jerusalem are those in the street leading from the Damascus Gate. They have been compared to huge cupboards, with all their contents exposed to the passer-by.

The peasants, says a recent writer, come from villages from one to six hours distant, to sell and to buy at the Jaffa market. The market is an open-air one, and the

VEGETABLE SELLER, DAMASCUS.

natives protect themselves from the burning sun by little tents, made very roughly from old pieces of canvas, or by small huts con-

PUBLIC LETTER-WRITERS.

structed of reeds, and just big enough to hold the articles for sale, while the peasant vendors must stand, or sit down on the ground. Sometimes the extreme heat is almost unendurable.

Walking around the bazaar, one can see, here and there, a man standing beside a camel which carries a load of charcoal, awaiting a customer; next to him, possibly, is one with a camel or donkey-load of straw, and it may be a third one, with a load of wood. Over yonder is a large heap of wheat, barley, lentils, or other grain for sale.

Frugal to the last degree, the peasant women of Palestine are careful to save such marketable stuff as chickens, eggs, chaff, tare and other things, that they may bring them for sale to Jaffa market. Sometimes a woman takes the trouble to walk three or four hours' distance to market with half a dozen eggs — only two cents' worth; sometimes with a chicken worth six or eight cents, a bundle of wood for three or four cents, or a small quantity of tare or chaff, that is worth only two cents. Although the transaction may seem to be insignificant, the peasant housekeeper can help herself considerably by such sales. The few cheap staples the peasants require from the cities or towns are, first, calico, of which three or four yards are quite sufficient to clothe a man or woman; next, salt, two cents' worth of which will be sufficient for a week; then thread, olive-oil soap, and a few other little articles, which may be obtained after selling their own goods, as mentioned above. American or Russian coal

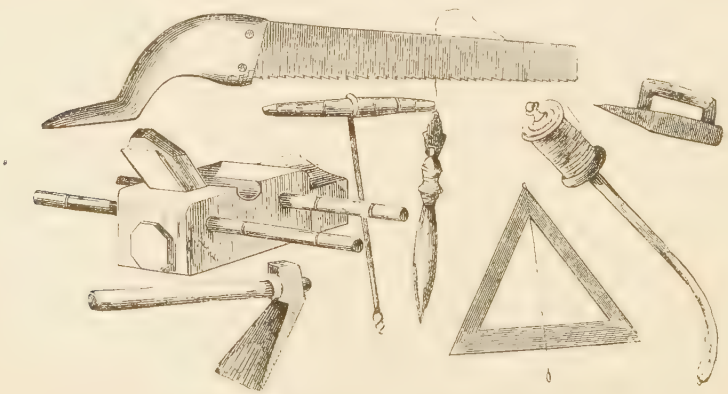
oil, and glass lamps are everywhere used throughout the East, even in the nomad Arabs' tents.

The accompanying cut contains the chief instruments now in use

BARBER'S SHOP, CAIRO.

by carpenters and masons. They consist of saws, planes, adzes, gimlets, triangular levels, lines, plummets, and trowels. "If the tools used by the ancients," says Dr. Van Lennep, "are similar to those of the moderns, the manner of employing them is equally so. They have no carpenter's bench, nor screws, nor any of the many appliances, models, forms, and other knick-knacks of Western shops. The man sits down upon the floor and makes that his bench. He employs four hands instead of the two of ordinary humanity, for his feet are bare, and his toes are trained to do almost as effectual service as other men's fingers. It is wonderful to see how a board is held with the toes and turned about, while the hands are engaged in sawing or otherwise fashioning it. We have never seen these men at work without being riveted to the spot, and reflecting that the capabilities and powers of the human foot are quite unknown to our high civilization.

"The resemblance between the ancient and the modern processes may be distinctly traced in the various operations connected with the other trades, which are graphically pictured upon the Egyptian monuments, such as the manufacture of pottery, rope-making, and the fuller's business. Nor does there seem to be much difference in the products of their industry, as far as we may judge from what has resisted the influence of time. Both ancients and moderns were equally successful in veneering, inlaying, and enamelling, while articles of jewellery are often so similar in form or style that it is difficult to tell them apart."



EASTERN CARPENTERS' AND MASONS' TOOLS.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

II.

WATER-CARRIER, BENARES.

Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden, Bombay, says Mr. Davenport Adams, these are the five main stages on the road to India, and at each the Union Jack is proudly flying. On reaching Bombay, we stand, as it were, on the threshold of the mysterious Indian world, and nowhere else in that world have we made so deep and strong a mark; nowhere else has our civilization struck so deep a root. But then nowhere else in India have we been settled so long; and nowhere else have we had so free and clear a ground on which to rear the fabric of our influence.

For Bombay first came into our hands in 1661, as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, as wife of Charles II. Eight years later, and Charles made it over to the East India Company, which was then just entering upon its historic career. It is the capital of the presidency of Bombay and Scinde —one of the eleven principal administrative divisions of the Indian Empire.

To the voyager, as he approaches it from the sea, Bombay, with its mast-thronged harbour, its terraces of square-built, Venetian-windowed houses, its deep masses of tropical foliage, defined against a background of lofty mountains, and its 820,000 inhabitants, presents a charming picture, strikingly diversified in form and colour. Island after island, each with its crown of verdure, sparkles in the widening panorama; while blue inlets of sea seem to reach far away into the deep heart of the mountains. All around you the waters are rippling against the bulwarks of the great ships—ships of every clime and every rig; ships at anchor in the bay, steamers loading at the wharves—most of them carrying the Union Jack at their mast-heads; while innumerable native boats, with large canvas sails and covered poops, dart to and fro with surprising rapidity. Beyond the masts and quays rise tier upon tier of white houses, embosomed in foliage, and the long, far-spreading area of the native city sweeps round the curving bay, with its motley population of gold-worshippers and fire-worshippers gathered from all parts of the world.

Madras, with its wealth, commerce, and population (exceeding 450,000 souls), ranks among the great cities of the world; but its development is to some extent obstructed by its want of an anchorage available at all times for big sea-going ships. Formerly passengers were carried ashore through the surf in the native Massulah boats.

Calcutta, the "City of Palaces," is the capital of our Indian Empire,

with a population of 860,000.* The Maidan, which, in consequence of being the public exercise-ground, has been styled the "lungs" of Calcutta, might with equal propriety have been called its strong arm; for here stands Fort William, encircled by green ramparts and wide entrenchments —an impregnable little city of soldiers, bristling all over with guns,

PARSEE MERCHANT.

and well stored with British means and appliances of offensive and defensive warfare.

Calcutta is a centre for all kinds of missionary effort, public and private. The Tract Society there issues publications to the yearly number of 80,000 to 100,000 copies, and both books and periodicals are largely purchased by the Hindu gentlemen for their wives. Some years ago the Hindu ladies were doomed to a life of darkness and seclusion in the zenana; the English zenana missionary had much difficulty in gaining admission to them. Now the husbands ask that their wives may be visited and taught. When the wives and mothers are enlightened, there will be hope for the country.

"Calcutta—the English part of it," says Dr. Tiffany, an American traveller, "is a brilliant European capital, with immensely picturesque Asiatic adjuncts. Its enormous parks and stately avenues for riding and driving at once call to mind London, yet suggest a striking tropical contrast. Instead of elms and oaks, the trees are palms, banyans, bho-trees, tamarinds. The drivers of the hansome carriages are dark-skinned Hindus, in dress a splendid conflagration of scarlet and gold. How anaemic and bleached out do the English ladies and gentlemen within the carriages look, as though they had grown in cellars! and yet how assuredly they look the real lords and masters! At a glance is read their superior force of body and mind, their courage, imperial might of will. A lion among a herd of timid deer could not more emphasize the fact. Clive's victory at Plassey,—it is here explained in a flash. Then look out to the right or left across the park. Here a game of cricket is going on, here one of golf, here one of polo. The Englishman is keeping up his muscle. Inevitably comes to mind Wellington's saying, that Waterloo was won on the football field of Eton."

Speaking of the Indian Mutiny, of the siege of Lucknow, one of the

* India is a country of great cities. There are twenty-five other cities of over 100,000; Hyderabad, reaching 415,000; Lucknow, 273,000; Benares, 219,000; and Delhi, Mandalay, Cawnpore, Bangalore, Rangoon, each have nearly 200,000. There are seventy-five of over 50,000, and forty more of over 35,000.

most memorable defences in history—

> "'Hold it for fifteen days!' We held it for eighty-seven!
> And ever aloft on the palace roof, the old banner of England blew,"

and of the massacre of Cawnpore, Dr. Tiffany continues: "Three ineffaceable memories will always linger in my mind as interpreters of these tragic scenes. The first, the Hindu temple which stands on the top of the ghat descending to the Ganges, and from the banks beside which the murderous fire was poured into the boats. . The temple itself is carved and painted with obscenities so hideously revolting as to seem fit shrine to inspire such atrocities. The second will be that of the inscription over the gate of the cemetery, where beneath palms and feathery acacias, sleep the majority of those who perished in the siege. The words are simply, 'Tread softly.' The third, the pathetic fitness of the Scripture passage chosen for the monument over the well into which were thrown the butchered women and children. It is from a verse of the Psalms, the startling realism of whose imagery of the wood-chopper and his chips had a thousand times impressed me, and which now seemed to revive its literal sense: 'Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth.'"

Immense, however, as was the cost of the reconquest, and terrible as were the passions let loose, every day one spends in India convinces him more profoundly of the infinite boon it is to this vast population to be held in subjection by a power at once so strong, enlightened, and humane as that of Great Britain. To leave once again to themselves these people of such diverse races and fanaticisms would be like opening all the cages in a menagerie, and letting jaguar, leopard, lion, rhinoceros, fight out the question of supremacy among themselves. The beast that would end off king would be the tiger; and, as has significantly been added, the tiger would be the Mohammedan.

Taking a survey of Britain's vast Indian Empire, another broad-minded American, Dr. Joseph Cook, remarks as follows: India, from north to south,—that is, from

THE APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY.

the top of Cashmere to Cape Comorin,—is as long as a line from Boston to Pike's Peak. A line of similar length on a map of Europe extends from Gibraltar to Constantinople. The breadth of India, from the westernmost mouth of the Indus, to the easternmost mouth of the Ganges, is slightly more than the distance from Boston to

SHIKARPUR BAZAAR, INDIA.

Omaha, or from Paris to St. Petersburg. The distance from Bombay to Calcutta is that from Boston to St. Louis.

Gibbon estimated that imperial Rome, at the height of her power, governed only 120,000,000 of men. The British Empire governs in India alone 250,000,000.

The first thing that impressed me in India was the good quality of the temperament of the Hindu. He is supple, subtle, fine, keen-edged. He is not strong. He is enervated, no doubt, by his child-marriages, by the climate, by his diet of rice, by frequent famines, and by poor conditions among the lower classes generally. You find many Brahmins, however, who have this same excellent quality of organization, together with normal size of body and brain. They have physical vigour—not equal to that of the Briton, or German, or American; but they are forceful, as well as keen-edged. The Sikhs and the Rajpoots are tall, well-developed, strong men. The Gourkas, from the slopes of the Himalayas, are short, but thick-set and famed for military valour. The Marathi Brahmins, the very best of the Brahmin class, in the central portion of India, have in many cases the real vigour of mountaineers.

BOMBAY HARBOUR.

It is not true that all the natives of India are sheep; nevertheless, your first impression is that they are. The Hindu is ovine, the Briton is bovine, and it is not a wonder that the latter rules the former.

TRINCOMALEE HARBOUR.

Nowhere, except, perhaps, in the case of the Spanish in South America, has a language spread more rapidly through great populations not born with it on their lips, than English has in India. Surrounded constantly by far too obsequious and cringing Asiatics, the average British official in India does not suffer from a deficient sense of his own personal dignity. He is not eager to learn the dialects of his multitude of servants. They must, therefore, learn English.

The classical tongues of India,

AN INTERIOR, DELHI.

which are the admiration of all scholars, and almost objects of worship to Brahmins, are, of course, not the vernacular. India has sixty distinctly different languages, and more than one hundred dialects. University instruction, as conducted under British authority, always requires a knowledge of English. There is universal demand for instruction in English among the educated classes. A knowledge of it is an avenue to employment in the great mercantile houses and in the schools, and in the civil service. Two of the greatest names among those of men to whom India is indebted for the early introduction of English into

her schools and governmental papers, are Alexander Duff and Lord Macaulay.

Fleeing out of the steaming vat of Calcutta, it was my fortune to begin a short period of rest in the Himalaya mountains. I summarize my memories of India, usually, by going back to Darjeeling, and looking abroad over all Hindustan, as if the whole of it were in sight.

The Himalayas, as a mountain range, dazzle both Alps and Andes, not out of sight, but into a position of positive inferiority. At Darjeeling, you have in view twelve mighty peaks, every one of which is over 20,000 feet high. You count twenty stupendous, far-flashing summits, every one overtopping the Giant of the Alps. Mont Blanc is less than 16,000 feet high, but Kinchinjunga is 28,000 feet in elevation. Mount Everest, supposed to be the highest peak on earth, is 29,000 feet high,—five miles of the earth's crust thrown into the azure.

You remember Mont Blanc as seen from Geneva and Chamounix, and you have intense reverence for Switzerland, its waterfalls, its lakes, its avalanches, its holy solitudes, its stealthy glaciers, its everlasting snows, its roseate peaks. When you are in the presence of the Himalayas, Switzerland seems to you like a toy. Here are mountains surpassed nowhere on earth,

BANYAN FOREST.

and nowhere in the human range of vision, except in the moon. The lunar mountains, which are higher than any on the earth, are rolled over our heads nightly and are strangely unappreciated.

Look abroad from the Himalayas, and what do you see? Three things. First, this unsurpassed range of mountains; next, the northern Indian plain—historic, electric with mighty associations, the cradle of great political changes, the birthplace of great re-

ligions, a brown and green expanse, fringed with palms and bamboos, through which flow the Indus and the Ganges; then, thirdly, the southern portion of the peninsula, high mountains on the west side, low ones on the east, and a triangular stretch of high tableland between them, called the Deccan.

As your memories take you back to it, what is India? It is Bombay, with its magnificent harbour, its Elephanta caves, its stately English government offices, its aristocratic bungalows on Malabar Hill, its Parsee towers of silence, on which the vultures strip the flesh from the bones of the dead; its Parsees worshipping at the setting of the sun, with their faces turned toward the west; its Hindus burning corpses; its multitudinous mixture of sects and nationalities, like that of Alexandria of old.

It is Allahabad, with the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges crowded with the festivals of religious pilgrims. It is Delhi, with its ruins of Saracenic grandeur, its stately Kutub Minar,—a campanile more imposing than Giotto's famous tower,—its magnificent mosques and marble palaces, and its conflicts of creeds, philosophies, and politics. It is Lucknow, with its pathetic memories of the siege of 1857. It is Cawnpore, with its monuments to British martyrs. It is Agra, with the tomb of Akbar and the peerless Taj Mahal, a structure of which Bishop Heber said, most justly, that "it was designed by Titans and finished by jewellers."

It is Benares, with its stately residences for the few, and its squalid streets for the many; its gaudy temples, with frivolous or filthy rites; its crowds of pilgrims, bathing in the Ganges; its burning ghats, where the dead are reduced to ashes. It is Calcutta, with its palaces and schools and fleets and toiling thousands. It is Madras, with its surf-boats, its vigorous missions, its firm grasp on both land and sea. It is the sacred Ganges, a wide, tawny, shallow flood, rolling through a brown and dusty tropical plain. It is a toiling population of pinched and oppressed lower classes. It is a decaying native nobility, their mag-

MOULMEIN, BURMAH.

nificence slowly paling under British rule. It is Occidental colonization making fatal inroads upon Oriental fashions. It is caste going out of date. It is a Christianity subduing a subtle but effete paganism. It is the Himalayas, with their inspired heights and solitudes under sun and moon, contemplating all and prophesying better ages to come.

India signifies the commingling of Occident and Orient; India is already the rudder of reform of all

ON THE IRRAWADDY.

Asia. You become passionately attached to this land for its own sake, and because you feel that whoever is useful in India is reaching Asia at large. You hear in imagination more distinctly with every sunrise the rustle of its palms and bamboos and mango-trees, the flow of its rivers, the mysterious voices of its past, the multitudinous stir of its present millions, the advancing footsteps of its future.

India presents one of the most important mission fields in the world. With a civilization going back to the time of Alexander, and a literature to that of Zoroaster; with its highly-cultivated Brahmin caste and a vast substratum of human wretchedness, it presents at once extraordinary difficulties and remarkable facilities for the diffusion of the Gospel. While the proud Brahmin looks down from the heights of a lofty scorn on his conquerors, who were naked savages at a time when the ancient pundits of India were learned sages, yet now, as in the days of the personal ministry of our Lord, the common people, weary with waiting for a healer of their woes, hear gladly the Word of Life.

One of the greatest obstacles to Indian evangelization is the degraded condition of women. It is impossible to raise the moral status of the people without raising that of its women. And here the Gospel has shown itself the best friend of the women of India, as well as of womanhood throughout the world. Till the advent of Christianity they were regarded in youth

as the toys, and in age as the slaves, of their lords and masters. Married at a very early age to men of twice or thrice their years, whom they had never seen before, their union was, with few exceptions, a loveless one on either side. Should the hapless woman be left a widow, her lot was indeed sad. If she escaped being burned alive upon her husband's funeral pyre, she was condemned to a perpetual solitude and seclusion, amounting almost to living burial. The strong arm of the British Government has been stretched out for the protection of the widowed daughters of India. Sutteeism has been forever abolished, and the possibility of home and family ties and support have been given her. But even into the jealous seclusion of Oriental homes the blessings of Christianity, with its ennobling and elevating influence, have penetrated; and the Zenana Mission has opened up new possibilities of happiness and knowledge, of mental and moral development, to the daughters of that dusky race.

There are in India, it is estimated, 80,000 widows under six years of age! Can one imagine the amount of suffering that little sentence tells and foretells ?

The following is the summary of the Rev. A. D. Rowe, M.A., on missionary effort in India:

"There is in India a native Christian Church scattered throughout the cities, towns and villages, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin—a Church which has not only members, but also influence, power, and all the elements of growth and self-propagation. We do not say that she has these desirable qualities in as great a measure as we could desire, but she has them in a certain degree and to such an extent that, humanly speaking, even without foreign men and money she would no doubt be able to live and prosper.

"Some of the grandest results of missionary effort in India cannot be put into figures and set up in statistical tables. It is a glorious triumph for the cause to have secured a visible Christian Church, with hundreds of thousands of upright members; to have a respectable and respected native ministry, raised up for the most part from the lowest grades of society—proving its suitability to all—to have a growing Christian literature for young and old; to have churches and schools in every section of the country; but it is scarcely a less glorious triumph to influence for good in indirect ways the whole Hindu nation, and the British Government itself, as Christian effort has done and is doing to-day."

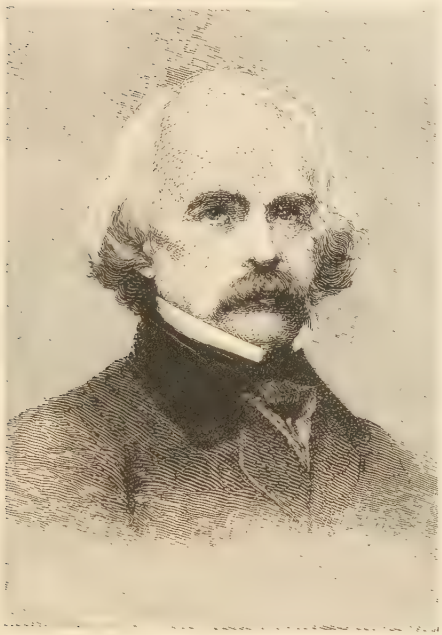
NOON.

When in my quiet room I sit me down,
  The roar shut out which fills the noisy street
  Where clattering carts and restless hurrying feet
Of busy crowds urged by toil's whip and frown
Or bent on pleasure, wander up and down,—
  Then, as I listen, I hear it, clear and sweet:
  The music which the church-tower chimes repeat
Telling the passing hour to all the town.

So, ever and anon, amid the strife
  That thickens 'round us as we near life's noon,
  If we but pause an instant, we may hear
Above the discords of this mortal life,
The bells of heaven ring out their joyous tune
  In soft reverberations sweet and clear.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AS A PREACHER.*

BY REV. R. OSGOOD MORSE.



Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The frame of the first Puritan church built in Salem, Mass., still stands. This church was built in 1634, during the pastorate of Roger Williams. The old frame has now a new covering. The old church contains the writing-desk of Nathaniel Hawthorne, upon which it is said he wrote part of "The Scarlet Letter."

This is peculiarly appropriate. The old church is the reminder of colonial Puritanism; the table, of the modern romancer who has reconstructed Puritan life in the literature of our own day. But Hawthorne is more than the romancer of Puritanism. He is also a great Puritan preacher.

To Hawthorne's literary genius we owe a double debt. While with Emerson and Carlyle he compels our intellectual homage, with Longfellow and Charles Lamb he wins our hearts. But we deal now with Hawthorne as a preacher. Great as was the literary man, the teacher of moral truth was greater.

The preacher has to deal with the conscience and the will as related to moral evil and moral truth. Here Hawthorne is supremely great. This greatness is apparent in his message. Hawthorne has been called the Shakespeare of American letters. But, while Shakespeare sweeps the whole gamut of human passions, Hawthorne plays upon a single chord. But the note sounded is worthy of Shakespeare. Hawthorne is the exponent of conscience as related to moral evil. He strove to rouse a self-righteous age to the awful fact of human sin, its deep-rootedness, and its effect upon character. His romances and sketches are lurid with this message.

Hawthorne's name brings one book before every reader—"The Scarlet Letter." This is a most fearful, because a most masterly,

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*Nathaniel Hawthorne's Works. "Little Classic Edition." Each volume contains a fine vignette illustration. In twenty-five volumes (including index volume), 18mo, each, $1.00; the set in box, $25.00.

"New Riverside Edition." With Introductory Notes by GEORGE P. LATHROP, author of "A Study of Hawthorne." In twelve volumes. Crown 8vo, gilt top, $2.00 each; the set, $24.00.

"New Wayside Edition." With Portrait and twenty-three etchings. In twenty-four volumes, 12mo, $36.00. (Sold only in sets.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The above portrait is kindly loaned by the publishers.

delineation of sin and its retribution. It is full of the moral presence of the hardiest yet truest race that ever lived, and a plea for the reign of truth, which for simple eloquence has never been surpassed in fiction. It and "The Marble Faun" portray fully the effect of sin on character. The one deals with past sin and present retribution, the other with present sin and future punishment.

In "The Marble Faun" the soul consents with the animal nature to sin. Conscience, the reflector of moral holiness, shrinks instinctively from the approach of the sin-stained soul. Not until guided by Reason, or better training, does Conscience again guide the soul to truth.

"The Scarlet Letter" declares each sin to have its retribution. The old physician, the very incarnation of evil, follows the minister and reads the awful secret of his sin-stained soul. "Retribution is mine," cries the broken law every time Dimmesdale tries to hide with his hand his heart black with the blackest crime. Deserved but unwise punishment works disregard of law. For Hester in the lone forest incites Dimmesdale to further crime—unwedded elopement. Strict Puritanism scorned the sinner only to drive her, when at length her life seemed so pure, to incite her fellow-sinner to a crime as black as hell is deep. With his consent all that power of will which had made him the revered of his flock hangs in the balance and no sin is too vile to fill his thoughts and almost shape itself in action.

But the legitimate result of the work of conscience is Dimmesdale standing on the scaffold of infamy with his victim, to share her shame at noontide of election day—his judgment day. Retribution, sorrow have done their work. Let us hope that repentance and forgiveness have brought acceptance with God.

Such is Hawthorne's attitude toward moral evil. Is it healthy? Were there no brighter side the picture would be too morbid. He seemed to be influenced by much the same feeling which led Dr. Thomas Arnold to say that intense horror of evil is in some respects more to be desired than the active love for the good.

But Hawthorne portrays evil in such a way as awakens the desire to have it removed.

What is his attitude toward moral truth? On the relation of conscience and moral truth he has advanced less far. Almost an entire system of the doctrine of sin could be formulated from Hawthorne's writings. But his system of salvation from sin would be very meagre. Some rays, however, lighten the picture. Hawthorne believed emphatically in the truth and the authority of the inspired Word. In "Earth's Holocaust," while the intensest fire burns every vestige of human knowledge and genius, including commentaries and marginal notes of the Scriptures, the inspired volume comes forth from the furnace seventy times heated with renewed splendour and brilliancy. Not a syllable that flashed from the pen of inspiration could be destroyed by the intensest fire. Its truth and authority abide while man is a little lower than God. In the same sketch intense conviction and mighty earnestness back his conception of the necessity and the reality of regeneration. For if that heart be not changed, out of it will reissue all the old evils; while if it be purified, with its growth in purity these will vanish as a shadowy mist. Much as Hawthorne adores the intellect, it is to him a feeble instrument, utterly unable to work any radical reform. "The heart—the heart,

that must be cleansed," is but the echo of "Ye must be born again."

Such is Hawthorne's message. How does he utter it? He utters it to the individual man. In one of his shortest sketches, "David Swan," he has drawn ten characters with unmistakable certainty. They are types—but more—they are individuals. The individual heart-throb of each one is felt. This dealing with individuals makes his work alive with sympathy. It enlists the reader's interest, which culminates at the close of the sermon. The mind's demand for something definite to follow is met by Hawthorne.

In his quiet way, Hawthorne watched the inner life of men, explored their thoughts, observed and weighed their motives. He has therefore powerfully portrayed many aspects of human nature. He knew the every-day man. Knowing his man, he adapted his message to him.

A powerful personality adds its force to Hawthorne's work. This throbs in every line. That one who lived so secluded a life until his best work was before the public could be so sympathetic, is a marvel. But one feels while following his portrayal of sin that one who feels and suffers with the wrong-doer held the pen which drew the picture. Here is one who adds to the skilful analytic powers of his reason the quick intuitions of his conscience and affections of his heart.

Hawthorne's personality is positive. Sin is not simply the negation of holiness, but a positive evil. He has few negative characters. He demands action. Belief must be positive. Speaking of a friend's religious unrest, he says: "He will never find rest until he finds some definite belief." He is thus a constructive preacher.

In style, Hawthorne is facile princeps of American letters. His style is at once graceful and natural. His words move with a magical and musical tread along the pages. The style is a serenade of sounds as serene as a summer evening. Yet the words are alive with the throbs of a human heart. For artistic arrangement, either preacher or essayist may find in Hawthorne a model. Antithetical expression gives contrasted thoughts double force.

Hawthorne, like Carlyle, is a most suggestive preacher, and like him convinces the intellect. But he has enough emotion to touch the warmest sympathies and deeply impress the feelings of the devout soul. The man who sleeps through his sermon is himself at fault. Such intense conviction possesses the man that you think, not of the man nor the manner, but of the message. Of two things he was profoundly convinced, and of no third. They were God and duty. His soul was on fire with those, so his words flowed not from his pen but red-hot from his heart. He looked into human hearts until he saw the thoughts burning there—the emotions and passions struggling for utterance—and with the steady hand of a master brought them forth. Thus he wins our hearts and moves our wills.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is the worthy heir of a noble heritage. His fathers had crossed the Atlantic for conscience' sake, and in his own soul conscience still reigned supreme.

O blessed are the pure in heart, for they,
Walking the wondrous streets of shining gold,
In His own light who is the light thereof
The King in all His beauty shall behold.
—*Parkinson.*

THE MYSTERY OF THE MOON.

BY THOMAS LINDSAY.

When the young astronomer, eager to test the power of his telescope, directs it upon the moon, he does so because he has been told that this is an "easy" object. No searching for it—there it is—as conspicuous as the sun itself; pretty large to begin with, a little magnifying only is required to bring out quite a mass of detail. It is a poor instrument indeed that will not show the "ragged edge" of the disc before and after the full, and so the young observer, charmed with what his little glass reveals, wishes he possessed a very large telescope, or that he had access to some of the giants of the day, that he might gaze upon the moon under enormous magnifying power. And we may excuse him for fancying that to those astronomers who habitually observe under most favourable conditions, there is no mystery about the moon; they must have a clear idea of its origin, its history, and its present condition.

Now we pass on a little in our reading of the labours and opinions of great astronomers, and we learn that there is more than one theory to account for the origin of the moon, that its history is by no means a series of recorded, undisputed facts, or even probabilities. Well, this can be understood when we consider the real problem to be solved, but surely there can be no question about its present condition, no mystery there, they can see that! But when the student has become familiar with all the authorities, he learns that even interpretations of things seen are not all alike, and that there is room for work by the humble amateur, impressed with the beauty and the glory of the orbs of heaven, and eager to assist in unravelling even some very little secret hidden in the skies.

Neither amateur nor skilled observer will ever add very much to such literature as we have regarding the birth of the moon. That it was once a part of a nebulous mass in rapid rotation and revolving about the sun, can scarcely be doubted. To bring our sister planet, for the moon is this rather than a satellite, from without, requires a perfect accordance among so many fortuitous things, that such a theory can only be placed among the bare possibilities. We could not point to any analogous case in the solar system, though it might be held that the fifth moon of Jupiter, the little stranger seen first in the great Lick telescope, was a captured body.

Arago gives an exhaustive review of all the theories accounting for the moon's presence in the heavens, and in its particular orbit; but these all dwindle down to the orthodox idea, that the moon, as a huge ring of gaseous matter, slipped from the equatorial regions of the earth, as the latter had in its time slipped from the great parent nebula.

If we pass over its subsequent history, until the time when it became a globular body, we reach a point where the known laws of mechanics can be applied, and the future of the earth-moon system clearly outlined. But this involves so much mathematical labour that the average amateur will scarcely desire to follow it. It is enough perhaps to say that to Geo. H. Darwin is due the analytical investigation of what is known as the

"theory of tidal action," and to state the following proposition which to a certain extent can be experimentally shown to be true. A body revolves about another and sets up tides upon it; the central body is rotating more rapidly than the other revolves; then the revolving body, in this case the moon, will be thrown farther and farther off, and the rotation of the earth will be slowed down; finally there will be accordance between the rotation period of the one body and the revolution of the other, when the latter will be again drawn in and in, until at last it will, with ultra-filial ardour, fall upon the bosom of its parent.

Dismissing then the questions of the moon's birth and ultimate destiny, we have the familiar problem before us, how would the lunar surface appear if we stood upon it, and through what stages has it passed? Is it a waste of barren rock or a mighty iceberg? Those hill tops we so plainly see—have their morning songs of praise to the Creator been silent ever, or have they re-echoed the living voice in ages of the past? Those depressions, valleys, great plains—have they from first to last been scenes of desolation, or have they been watered by kindly streams, nurturing organic life in all its varied forms?

These questions are of perhaps no immediate interest to us as regards our affairs to-day, or our work to-morrow—but he has only half lived his life who has not sought to learn from the book of nature itself something of the Power which fashioned the characters to be seen therein. One may seek to trace the law of progress and order in the heavens. Another, more humble in his aspirations, may love to tear in pieces and subject to scrutiny a simple blade of grass. Both are standing immediately in the presence of the Infinite.

The moon does not tell us, even when interrogated by our noblest instruments, whether it is a rock-bound or snow-clad waste. But a dead waste it assuredly is. Emblem of inconstancy to the poet, seeking to retain the imagery of the ages when the moon was only noted for its changeful phases, it is in real truth a fitting witness for vows meant to be eternal. It looks down upon us with the same ever beautiful face. A cloud passes, but it is not a cloud of the lunar sky. There under our gaze in the telescope is the enlarged image of some great ring-plain, it is ever the same, no great upheaval since we last looked upon it. Upheavals of some kind there must have been once, else what do those volcanic-like formations mean? But there are none now. All is silent and firm.

When the observer has studied the lunar surface for even a little while, he becomes impressed with the idea that the great dark tinted spaces, marked "seas" upon a lunar map, have really been at one time seas of water. It is an easy step from this to picture a world throbbing with life at one time in the course of its history. It is somewhat of a shock then to learn that the existence of water at any time is one of the disputed points. The true meaning of what looks like water action is among the mysteries. Although some think the argument a little far-fetched, it still has to be met, that the gases which form water and air could never have existed on the moon or on any body of such small mass. This is because the velocity of the atoms of these gases in a free state, is too great to be controlled by a body much lighter than the earth. The gases would escape before combination became possible.

This theory, if true, presents rather a gloomy outlook for the smaller bodies in the solar system, for life as known to us must have combinations of certain elements to support it. But the amateur will find on studying the subject in its entirety, that the high velocity of the oxygen or hydrogen molecule is in the region of hypothesis only. No one ever measured it in the laboratory, and such velocities as are assumed as the results of experimentation, and of calculation, into which the "theory of probability" enters, are very much less than the ultimate velocities which, if they existed, the moon certainly could not control. The whole question is open for discussion and a satisfactory solution need not necessarily come from the most skilled observer or physicist.

Some explanation is wanting, however, for the fact that while upon the moon we see evidences of what we may rightly or wrongly call water action, there is not a line, there is not a mark upon it which meets our terrestrial description of a river bed. The nearest approach to such are those peculiar markings styled, "rills" or "clefts," and they are more than any others the most inexplicable features on the lunar surface. The rills were not noted at all until some considerable advance had been made in telescope construction. They have been now about one hundred years under observation, and the astronomer still discusses their origin, while now and then a keen-sighted amateur discovers one not hitherto mapped, but presenting no new features to aid in a solution of the mystery.

They might be cracks in the lunar surface (query, What cracked it?) but they go up hills and down dales and intersect each other in such a way as to present an appearance which we could never reproduce by cracking anything. We cannot, try as we may, reconcile their appearance to that of river beds. So there they are. How were they formed? What are they? So as not to leave the student at a loss for data, we should add that the bottoms of the rills are all perfectly smooth, so far as can be judged by very excellent telescopic examination.

While it requires considerable optical power to examine the rills there is one feature of the lunar surface noticeable in every photograph, easily seen in a small telescope, and yet quite as inexplicable. This is the "streak" system. We are all familiar with that great ring-plain Tycho, in the southern hemisphere (a picture usually shows an inverted image), and with the series of bright rays extending in all directions from it. We cannot miss this feature, it is the most noticeable on the moon, and when we view it in the telescope, looking long enough to get the impression of a great globe standing out in space, we are reminded most forcibly of the appearance of a glass globe cracked by inside pressure, that of ice, for instance. But we cannot explain Tycho and his rays so easily as that. There are the bright streaks and the intertwining rills all waiting for some one to explain their origin.

The amateur, then, must not think that the moon is worked out. Easiest of all objects to observe, it is the most interesting, and while we no longer attribute to it occult influences, we find it still has the power to charm us away just a little from the gross things of earth.

Observations of the moon should be conducted systematically, and not too much attempted at once. The observer who is at all enthusiastic, is usually armed with a three-inch telescope, and this aperture will show more than

even at this late date has been shown on published maps of the moon. So there is room, plenty of room. Of course many features have been mapped which are beyond the three-inch, but that does not affect the other statement.

To observe alone is not enough, one should try to sketch. How many of our young people are there who can sketch a landscape? Some thousands. Well, it is easier to make a drawing of some lunar feature at the telescope. Try it. This aids study directly, for one more readily remembers what has once been drawn on paper. Some observers use black and white crayon for the purpose, others make very beautiful drawings with pen and ink. One must be an artist to do this, of course; but not necessarily a first-class, world-renowned Royal Academy artist, though the astronomer would be glad to have the aid of such.

The reader will think at once of photography as superior to any drawing, and it is not a difficult matter to attach a camera to the telescope and "take" the magnified image of the moon. But photography will not show the differences of colour and shading, which the artist can delineate. And we should add that neither the artist's hand nor the sensitized plate can reproduce what the eye sees. Sketching is an aid to study, but for beauty, no photograph or drawing can compare with the moon's own picture in the focus of the telescope.

Toronto.

LADY BLANCHE BALFOUR.*

BY THE REV. J. ROBERTSON, D.D.

The following pages contain a short sketch and study from memory of the life and character of the late Lady Blanche Balfour of Whittingehame, mother of the present First Lord of the Treasury.

Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, born in 1825, was a daughter of the second Marquess of Salisbury, and therefore a sister of the present Prime Minister, older than he by five years. She lost her mother—a gifted woman—at the age of twelve. The upbringing she received from her father was hardy, perhaps even hard. It is told of him that he would return from the House of Lords in the middle of the night, and at his summons, "Get up, girls, we're going to Hatfield," his daughters had to be out of bed and ready for the journey with the least possible delay.

Lady Blanche seems in her early life to have felt at times great pressure on her spirit, as so many sensitive souls have done, from the doctrine of election, being haunted by the dread of being predestined to wrath. She found in course of years complete deliverance from this; but the memory of it perhaps contributed to the great attachment she had to the thought of God as the Father. She spoke of God as "Father," in a way which

* The accompanying sketch gives us an insight into the way in which statesmen are trained through the noblest traditions of Christian home-life in England. It is no marvel that with such pious upbringing from this family should come a First Lord of the Treasury, a Chief Secretary for Ireland, a distinguished Professor of Cambridge, and other sons and daughters holding high rank and adorning with their lives the noble name they bear. We have pleasure in abridging this sketch from two articles in *Good Words* magazine for April and May, 1896.—Ed.

struck me, when I first heard it, as new and unusual. It was, indeed, greatly less usual thirty years ago than it is now. She did not come all at once to settled religious conviction and peace. Not indeed till some time after her marriage did she attain to the light in which those who knew her later in life could perceive that she stood.

After being much admired in her first appearances in society, Lady Blanche became engaged to James Maitland Balfour, the eldest son of the proprietor of Whittingehame, in East Lothian, and they were married in 1843, while she was still only eighteen. Her husband, a man of high spirit and eventually of proved capacity for business, never had more interest in literature than was due to her impulse and companionship. A great affection soon existed between her and several of her new kindred. With her own brother, the present Marquess of Salisbury, she was a favourite sister, who must have considerably aided and influenced him.

The public career of Lady Blanche's husband was destined to be short. He sat in the House of Commons for a time as member for the Haddington Burghs. During an illness of a protracted kind, he and his wife twice visited the island of Madeira, in hope of benefit from its climate; but from the second visit he never returned.

With the quickness of strong affection, Lady Blanche early saw the serious character of her husband's illness and was filled with apprehension. "He's dying; I know it; I know it," she said to a friend one day in a paroxysm of grief, "What is all the world to me if my husband is dying?" But half an hour after, Mr. Balfour himself being now present, all her bright cheerfulness of manner was resumed. As his illness went on she devoted herself to him with entire abandonment. He became wholly dependent on her and could bear no one else attending to him. A lady who sailed in the same ship with them to Madeira on their second visit told that Mr. Balfour was laid daily on the deck on cushions, and she noticed that his eyes followed his wife continually, as if he did not care to look at anything else. She did everything for him herself, and after his death she never had good health.

This is in few words the outward history of that time in her life. That it had an inner history too, of no slight significance to her, may be guessed from the words which she put on her husband's tombstone by his grave in Madeira: "Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Her husband's death (1856) became the dividing event in Lady Blanche's life. After her return from Madeira her special work began, which was, as she said, to be both father and mother to her eight children—five sons and three daughters.

The outstanding feature in Lady Blanche's upbringing of her children was the entireness with which she devoted herself to it. She completely gave up whatever enjoyments of social intercourse might have interfered with this, her great object of life, and she was unsparing of trouble in regard to every detail of her children's training to a degree not only beyond usual custom, but beyond ordinary imagination. This was the more remarkable because of what has been already mentioned—her permanently impaired health. The serious illnesses of her children were occasions when her devotion to them was most striking and memorable, and I have often

been told of the battle she fought successfully against a visitation of diphtheria from which they suffered. During many weeks their mother's watching and attendance were so close that she never had on her usual clothes, but wore only a dressing-gown.

After the diphtheria was nearly overcome in her own house, it showed itself at one of the farms on the estate, and Lady Blanche had great concern for the people who were now in like anxiety with herself for their children. She visited the families daily, carefully changing her dress for the visit, and going out and in by the steps from her boudoir window, as a precaution against bringing the illness to her servants, who had been kept as completely separate from her own family as possible.

The Cotton Famine in Lancashire during the American civil war stirred her sympathy greatly. She joined, I do not doubt, in subscribing to the fund for its relief, and, as it happened at the time that her establishment had been reduced—probably with a view to her going abroad with her children—she used the opportunity to make a novel proposal to them. They were told that, if they liked to do the work of the house, any money that was saved in this way would go to the help of the distressed people. When they agreed to take this up the house was divided. The kitchen was made over to Lady Blanche's daughters, who, after the two eldest had a few lessons from the cook before she left, did the family cooking, with the assistance, for the roughest work, of only two quite untrained Lancashire girls. Lady Blanche's sons had also work of the house which they could do allotted them, such as cleaning of boots and knives. The help sent to Lancashire was greater by the amount saved in household expenses; her children had the sense of giving this share of help through their own labour and self-denial; and they had besides a discipline of great value, as no doubt their mother intended, in the thorough knowledge acquired of details of housekeeping, and in the check given to dependence on comforts.

What first struck me, I think, when I came to know Lady Blanche at her home at Whittingehame was her originality of thinking and of life. She talked on many subjects, not least readily on those that were Biblical, and always with interest in whatever was fresh, and tolerance of whatever was real. But her originality was not only that which comes of intellectual vigour. It was due still more to her singleness of purpose in life and her unhesitating courage in carrying out anything which she thought to be right.

To her own family what would first occur in thinking of her would be (as one of them expressed it) "her capacity of loving, which it seemed impossible to get to the end of." She had that devotion to them, which made her, as it were, give her life for them in times of dangerous illness. But she had the rarer devotion which wholly gives up the everyday hours and thoughts. "I think," she said, "that the older life should be sacrificed to the younger," and she meant this in most practical truth. In the work of their upbringing she cut herself off not only from ordinary society, but even from all but very rare intercourse with many whom she loved greatly. And as time went on and her health grew worse she so husbanded her strength and reserved it for her children, that in vacation times, when all were at home, it was difficult to get her to attend to matters of business even of some importance. She plunged

into fresh studies herself in order as much as possible to keep pace with her sons and give them, when beside her, the stimulus of her interest in what they were reading, and I recollect once feeling divided between sympathy and amusement at the despair of the factor, unable to get a reply to his letters, while I knew that she was taking time to accompany one of her sons in studying Chaucer and was probably giving her mind freely in other directions of a similar kind.

She watched with quick attention for signs of the special bent and talent of each, and, so far as this was discerned, she sought to cultivate it and give it scope and opportunity. Her third son's liking for Natural Science was early decided and obvious. First he took to geology, and his tutor was got to study it for his sake. Later on he came to have special interest in marine zoology. He was accordingly given full scope for dredging off Dunbar, a fisherman and his boat being engaged for him; and so it came about that very early in life he was practised in those observations at first hand in which, as well as in his rapidity of happy generalization, he was one of the foremost men of his generation of scientific students.*

I am sure that in the education of her children Lady Blanche thought rather of the duty of cultivating mental gifts than of any successes to which this might lead. She seemed to me to have the strongest conviction of any one I had known of the moral benefit of intellectual discipline.

Of her own personal part in the teaching of her children, her reading of the Bible with them had the first place, and of the few photographs of that time it is a happy chance that one survives, taken by her second son, showing her seated with her Bible open on her knee, and her children gathered round her. Her daily lessons in the Bible, usually just after breakfast, were largely conversations, and she knew wonderfully how to make them interesting. "You know what boys are"—so I have had this described—"yet none of them would have missed those readings in the Bible."

She had a great dread of allowing sacred things to become tedious, and it seemed to me characteristic of her when in looking through a volume of Frederick Robertson's sermons, which I had borrowed from the library at Whittingehame House, I found one of them skilfully shortened to about half its length by crossings out with pencil, and new brief connections in her handwriting, written in the margin. Evidently this was done either for reading to her family with the least possible strain on their attention, or, more probably, for reading at Sunday evening prayers with her household. The sermon was one in the fourth volume on "Love," and, I think, from the text, "Have fervent charity among yourselves." As her health became still more shattered, and her weakness too great for these readings with all her children round her, she had them still to her own room to read the Bible with her one by one as long as she was able.

Very often of an evening she read aloud with her family for their amusement, and generally French stories—those of Dumas and others—dexterously changing, or giving a different close to the story when she did not like it. While she read they sat round the table occupied with drawing. Now and then in such evenings she read from Shakespeare, and in that amplest field of literature she found such scope for her powers

*Francis Maitland Balfour, LL. D., F. R. S., Professor of Animal Morphology at Cambridge (died 1882, aged 30).

and feelings that to hear her was memorable. She had a strong sense of humour—a fortunate thing for one who had to go through so much suffering—so she could easily amuse and be amused, sometimes going into fits of laughter at funny incidents; and, partly in consequence of this, with all the force and earnestness of her character, she was still companionable with her children.

Her authority in her family and household was unquestioned. She was indeed a woman fully corresponding to Wordsworth's ideal and description :

> "Nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

Hardly ever did son or daughter attempt to resist her wish, and her presence instantly quieted fits of temper even in others. From their first years her children learned self-control, and if in public life they have been commended for this characteristic, they owe it in no small degree to their mother and her training. She expected obedience, and was for the most part scrupulously obeyed in great and little things both.

The obedience of her children was not yielded under pressure ; but love, admiration, and awe of her were so mingled that they did not think of disobeying, and they found her sympathy as constant as her authority.

She disliked waste, had an abhorrence of debt, and used various devices to make her family habitually exact in such directions. What virtue she sought to cultivate most in her children may be judged from her giving each of them, one after the other, at the time of their confirmation, a ring with "Truth" as the motto on the seal, and in the inside some text of Scripture engraved, containing the same word. She herself always wore a similar ring with the text inside, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Another favourite seal of hers, which always lay on her table, had the motto, "Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra"—"Do the right in scorn of consequence."

I have said she avoided making religion tedious. She had also a special dread of unreal forms in religion, and I remember being struck by the kind of grace before meat which I once accidentally heard her use at luncheon. As she moved forward to the table with her family round her, she said in low, distinct, spontaneous manner, "Thank God," and then took her seat.

Her work in her family was not merely that of the affectionate and most capable mother, but that of the true servant of Christ. A servant of Christ she would have been, and with her might, although she had not had the impulse of affection for her children. And what kind of service she might have chosen may be judged from her saying once, "When I have finished with these young people I intend going to the East End of London to work there." I was surprised in hearing this—not surprised that she should think of so devoting herself, but that she could still hope so far to recover strength so as to be able for it. The spring and constant support of her life was indicated in an expression of hers to a very intimate friend—"I think I know what it is to pray 'seven times a day.'"

Lady Blanche's devotion to her children and anxiety for them were not allowed to take the form of giving way to nervous apprehension and so cultivating in them what the French call "mollesse." When her eldest son had arranged to go with two friends during an autumn vacation for canoeing among the Hebrides, and a suggestion was made to her of the

risks of ocean canoeing, Lady Blanche at once replied, "You would not have me spoil a character?" In actual fact she was on this occasion very anxious about what might happen, but would not stop her son from going, or let him guess her feeling. The party of young men did encounter considerable risk. They crossed from Skye to Rum in weather that was somewhat rough; one of them found that his canoe was leaking, and the other two had to tow it, while its occupant was baling out water most of the way. No harm, however, came of the adventure.

The manner in which Lady Blanche ordered her household was in harmony with those blended features of her character which have already been indicated—her strong sense of right, her unhesitating authority, and her sympathetic nature. She was careful that her servants should have full advantage of the Lord's Day. Coming from England she had no rigid views regarding it such as have been called "Scotch" or "Sabbatarian"; but in order that her household should as little as possible be hindered from going to church, she reduced the cooking on Sunday to such a scale that for a time nothing hot, not even a potato, could be had in the house on that day. She was obliged by-and-bye to relax this rule, but kept always to her general plan and aim. She liked to make Sunday different from other days with her children also, and, in addition to her private reading with each of them, she used to select a large number of books for them that might be interesting on that day.

Lady Blanche had an affectionate interest in the people around her on the estate and in the parish and neighbourhood. When I came to the parish I found it was the custom with the elders at the half-yearly Communions to keep places for her and her family at the end of the Communion table, which extended nearly the whole length of the church. Like many others from England who have known our Scottish order in celebrating the Lord's Supper, she liked it much. "Whatever you do," she said, "don't give up the long table."

Her generosity was widely known. She did not spare trouble in sifting cases brought under her notice. Once in Edinburgh, in hastening along the street to catch an afternoon train for home, she saw a child weeping bitterly. She stopped, questioned it, and was told it was starving, that at home they were all starving, and the mother dying. She let the train go, went with the child to see if the story was true, found it entirely so, and that the mother, who was a widow, was weighed upon in dying with the thought of what would become of her children. Before she left, Lady Blanche undertook to care for them, and this she did till they were started in life.

Lady Blanche had in very remarkable union, the two opposite qualities of force and tenderness. She had a courage, a resolution, and an intellectual vigour which belonged to few men, but it was nevertheless in tenderness and womanliness that she was richest. Cultivated as she was, it was her wealth of nature that was most eminent, and this was joined to Christian devotion and self-control.

"One always wanted to do better after being with her." I may venture to tell how a year or two ago, when I happened to be talking of her with one of her daughters, she exclaimed, "I wonder we are only what we are with such a mother."

Lady Blanche died in London in 1872, her age being then forty-seven. When it fell to me to prepare a funeral sermon for the Sun-

day after, I put for a text at the beginning of my manuscript that which first occurs to one in thinking of a devoted Christian's death, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth." As I went on, however, I saw that the text must be changed, that the proper words to go before what I was writing were these: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." This verse is the true key to her life.

Whittingehame.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF EMERSON.*

A STUDY.

BY MISS M. A. DANIELS, M.A.

II.

Emerson taught the doctrine of a profoundly spiritual life. To him there was no other life. He declares the possibility of the direct communion of the soul with God, and that the great man is great only wherein he has been obedient to the voice of the Spirit. "Life," he says, "when true to its highest law, is only an abandonment to the will of God." Religion, to him, is essentially an experience—a life hidden in God. But while as a mystic he dwells with delight upon the complete union possible between the soul of man and God, he treats this as a union and not as an absorption.

Emerson differed fundamentally from Carlyle by virtue of that indomitable optimism which was one of the largest elements in his character. He always looks on the bright side, believes only what is good. He is often called the Apostle of Hope. "Hitch your waggon to a star," is one of his favourite expressions. His soul lived in the future, a glorious future when right will surely prevail. That the universe exists in God, and is one vast harmony that cannot be disturbed, is his teaching. "What is useful will last; what is hurtful will sink. God alone is absolute." "That pure malignity can exist, is the extreme proposition of unbelief. It is not to be entertained by a rational agent; it is atheism; it is the last profanation. The divine effort is never relaxed . . . and man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true." But, "the less we have to do with our sins the better. No man can afford to waste his moments in compunctions." But while Emerson believes and teaches that evil is only temporary lack of harmony, he teaches with equal firmness that the laws of God are self-executing and that no sin ever escapes unpunished.

In judging this remarkable and unfailing optimism, we must take into consideration the circumstances of Emerson's life and the moral atmosphere which he breathed. His was a life apart,

*Ralph Waldo Emerson's complete works: "Riverside Edition." With two portraits. In eleven volumes, gilt top. Each volume 12mo, $1.75; the set, $19.25. "Little Classic" Edition. In eleven volumes. Each volume, 18mo, $1.50; the set, in box, $16.50. Poems:—"Household Edition." With portrait. 12mo, $2.00. Essays:—"Little Classic" Edition. In two volumes, half calf, $6.00. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. The above cut is kindly loaned by the publishers.

the meditative, unpractical life of a scholar and a poet. Sheltered on all sides from the adverse winds that blight so many lives, with a heredity of many generations of pure, saintly, and cultured men and women, to lessen the evil tendencies in his own nature, dwelling in an extremely narrow social circle of noble and congenial natures, he felt neither the sin nor the woe of the world. Against political and social wrongs he wielded all the strong weapons of his genius, but the real cruelty of sin he never saw, and the fierce hand and heart struggle against evil he was never engaged in. The deep, scorching misery and need of mankind he knew not, with his lofty nature and religion of culture. And therein he fails to satisfy the hungry heart.

The written works of Emerson hold a unique place in literature. His essays are like no others, made up of concentrated, often abrupt, sentences, each standing for a whole thought. One of his chief characteristics is a rigid economy of words. His language is pruned and condensed until every idea is conveyed in the smallest possible vehicle.

His quick, compact sentences are strung together with very little regard to logical order, and he wastes no words on transitions. Each sentence must stand by itself, and the reader must make his own connections. But, oh! the brilliancy, the intense vitality, the suggestiveness of these sharp, hard sentences, every one of which contains a thesis to engage the closest attention, and arouse the most vigorous, sustained thought of which the reader is capable. In his writings, to his wide sweep in the realms of the ideal, Emerson adds an element of downright, practical, hard common sense, producing a combination as singular as it is delightful.

He also took an interest in the live questions of his times. He threw his soul into the anti-slavery struggle. He believed in woman's suffrage, and thought it "a very cheap wit that finds it so droll that a woman should vote." He takes the homely side of life, the everyday concerns of manners, society, and institutions, deals with them from the standpoint of worldly wisdom, and at the same time breathes into them a living soul and stamps them with a seal divine. And through all runs a keen sense of humour, a fine pervasive wit, that was both a restraining and wholesome element in his own constitution, and a valuable and vivifying one in his writings. He sees and exhibits the incongruities which betray pretence and discord.

His language, while fluency is not to be thought of in connection with it, is forceful, exact and beautiful. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a letter to Motley, says: "If you have seen a cat picking her footsteps in wet weather, you have seen a picture of Emerson's exquisite intelligence feeling for its phrase or epithet. Sometimes I think of an ant-eater singling out his insects, as I see him looking about, and at last seizing his noun or adjective, the best, the only one which would serve the need of his thought." He has a strong tendency to the use of metaphor, and sometimes employs startling figures. But these often have the effect of imprinting an idea on the memory so that one feels that it must remain forever. The element of surprise is a favourite one with him, and he seems to delight in giving his thoughts an unexpected turn. His style is direct, spontaneous, and in perfect harmony with his own habit of thought.

The most distinctive element in all his writings is their intense moral purpose. The light that he flashes upon any truth is with the

one object of causing it to bear fruit in life and action; his insight, his eloquence, and his wit are never employed for their own sakes, but toward this sole end. It is this strong vitality that makes his works read with such answering vital interest.

It is a curious fact that even those who differ most widely from Emerson, those who condemn his teaching, are delighted, stimulated, and strengthened by the burning, instinct thoughts—or insights—that glow on every page. Yet his essays are not easy reading; the reader to gain anything from them must have all his faculties awake and alert. They are apparently without organic unity; one can begin anywhere without losing a necessary connection, and leave off anywhere, to follow out the train of thought suggested for himself. And for a moment or two snatched from a busy day, in which to plant a germ of thought in the mind to grow by itself, what is so good?

But one thing must in honesty be said of the works of this rare genius. With all their wonderful power to quicken thought, to stimulate action, to inspire fresh and noble purposes, they have not —alas, how could they have?—the element that fully satisfies. For that we must seek another source.

No fair study of Emerson can be concluded without some consideration of his poetry. It was in this that he expressed his innermost self. Its leading value is in its moral tone, not in its musical form. The form, indeed, may be severely criticised. Emerson openly disregarded all rules of versification, little heeding rhymes or metres. It was the substance, not its dress, that he cared for. So we have broken and irregular metres, halting feet, and disjointed rhymes. But they are true poems, nevertheless. Like his essays, they are insights; like his essays, too, they are pruned and sifted until they are quite as markworthy for their economy of language.

He follows Wordsworth,—in truth, if one dare say it, takes a step beyond Wordsworth,—as a poet of nature. He never rhapsodizes, rarely symbolizes, but interprets nature more profoundly even than the earlier master, basing his interpretation upon his own intensely spiritual theory of the being of the natural world. In this department of poetry he is characterized by an intimate, sympathetic acquaintance with that whereof he sings, and a fine simplicity of style. His mysticism and his love of nature are shown in peculiarly attractive form in the closing lines of his well-known poem, "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home."

> "When I am stretched beneath the pines,
> Where the evening star so holy shines,
> I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
> At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
> For what are they all, in their high conceit,
> When man in the bush with God may meet?"

His poetry is essentially religious and has the calm, earnest tone of all great moral poems. Emotion and passion are conspicuously lacking in it. Emerson was by nature a Puritan, and austerely repressed and distrusted extravagant feeling. Even in that beautiful poem, the "Threnody," written on the death of his first son,

> "The hyacinthine boy for whom
> Morn well might break and April bloom,—
> The gracious boy who did adorn
> The world whereinto he was born."

Even in this, the sentiment and passion of grief are kept sternly in the background, to bring out their more subtile effects upon thought and character.

Emerson's poetry is all introspective, some of it full of deepest purport. One of the finest ex-

amples is "The Sphinx," the interpretation of which may be greatly aided by reading the paragraph on the ancient myth of the sphinx in the essay on History.

The individualism which he so strongly champions in his essays is observable in his poems also. Take, for instance, "The Problem," which begins with the familiar lines:

"I like a church; I like a cowl;
I like a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles;
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowlèd churchman be."

There are some of Emerson's poems which for exquisite form as well as for pure poetic meaning, deserve a place almost in the first rank. Of these are "Each and All," "The Rhodora," "The Humble Bee," "Woodnotes," and "Friendship." One, "Forerunners," I cannot forbear to quote in full, because it seems to represent the best of Emerson's poetry, beautiful in expression, almost perfect in rhythm, and withal embodying a spiritual truth realized in every one's experience.

"Long I followed happy guides,
I could never reach their sides;
Their step is forth, and, ere the day
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On and away, their hasting feet
Make the morning proud and sweet;
Flowers they strew,—I catch the scent;
Or tone of silver instrument
Leaves on the wind melodious trace;
Yet I could never see their face.
On eastern hills I see their smokes
Mixed with mists by distant lochs.
I met many travellers
Who the road had surely kept;
They saw not my fine revellers,—
These had crossed them while they slept.
Some had heard their fair report,
In the country or the court.
Fleetest couriers alive
Never yet could once arrive,
As they went or they returned.
At the house where these sojourned.
Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,
Though they are not overtaken;
In sleep their jubilant troop is near,—
I tuneful voices overhear;
It may be in wood or waste,—
At unawares 'tis come and past.
Their near camp my spirit knows
By signs gracious as rainbows.
I thenceforward, and long after,
Listen for their harp-like laughter,
And bear within my heart, for days,
Peace that hallows rudest ways."

Just a few more words about the life of the great man. It was a beautiful life at Concord among his family and friends, a life above reproach. Those who knew him best loved him best and esteemed him most—the highest praise, I think, that can be given to any man. His biographers are absolutely free from that grave embarrassment which arises sometimes from a discrepancy between the life and the writings of an eminent man. In the retirement of a quiet New England town he exemplified the noblest teachings he gave to the world. Modest, domestic in his tastes, loyal to his own ideals, rigid in his requirements of himself, associating himself only with what was pure and lofty and harmonious, and refusing all that was evil or ugly, by his serene, loyal nature, his magnetic personality, he exerted a gentle and gracious influence on all around him. The Concord home was one that dispensed hospitality freely and gracefully. One who knows Emerson well, says of him: "He has a genius for friendship."

Many are the tributes paid to Emerson's life, even by those who were widely divergent from him in creed and doctrine. Hawthorne said of him: "It was good to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure intellectual gleam diffusing about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he, so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he

would impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought."

Lowell once wrote in a letter: "He is as sweetly high-minded as ever, and when one meets him the fall of Adam seems a false report." And Father Taylor, the sailor preacher of Boston, a devout Methodist, and differing with him entirely in doctrine, said that "Mr. Emerson might think this or that, but he was more like Jesus Christ than any one he had ever known. He had seen him when his religion was tested, and it bore the test."

Mr. Cooke states that at one time Professor Alcott made him a visit, and found him remarkably given to the highest expression of the religious spirit. "In the morning he read from the Bible in the simplest and most impressive manner, making the words he read natural with life; and he made a prayer as if he were communing face to face with God, in a spirit as trustful as a child's."

His was a healthy life, physically and mentally—how different from the "sick giant, Carlyle!—from beginning to end. It was without crises, almost without events. He was not elated by fame nor hurt by criticism, but went on calmly and steadily in his chosen way. His perfect serenity of soul never failed him. In old age he was as happy and tranquil as ever. But before he died his memory began to fail, and one of the most touching pictures we have of him is that of the old man beside the dead form of his friend, Longfellow. Memory was gone, but, looking at the face and turning away, he said, "That seems like the face of a good man."

It is difficult, rather it is impossible, to judge Emerson by the common literary standards, and from such a brief study as this we go away with a sense of unsatisfactoriness. There is always the fear that we have not been quite just, quite fair, quite true in our estimate of him; and there is the lingering sadness and regret that we found him, when weighed in the balance, something wanting. As has been said of another, he was so great, we cannot forgive him for not being greater.

Toronto.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It might have been! Oh, saddest words of all.
We dream and dream of scenes beyond recall,
Sad thoughts will come, and burning tears will fall,
For "might have been."

Oh, could we live our lives all o'er again!
Could we forget the present, with the pain
Of thoughts that are unspoken! All in vain.
It might have been.

It might have been. Oh, words of wild regret;
Sorrow for vanished homes, and yet—ah, yet—
Would we, if e'en we could, forget—forget
What might have been?

Ah, well! perchance for all some sweet hope lies
Buried deeply, maybe, from human eyes,
And none but God may ever hear our sighs
O'er "might have been."

God knoweth best; and though our tears fast fall
Though none beside may know, He knoweth all,
All that is sad and lost beyond recall—
The "might have been."

ELSIE MARSHALL, MISSIONARY AND MARTYR.*

BY MARIAN NORMA BROCK.

The late war between Japan and China directed the attention of the world as never before to those two nations, and was a revelation of the intelligence and power of the one, and of the ignorance and comparative helplessness of the other. The heart of every Christian was touched with a feeling of deeper sympathy for both; for with all its vitality and energy and mighty possibilities, Japan was felt to be without that Great Light —a knowledge of the world's Saviour. The clearer perception thus awakened of China's vast area with its teeming millions of ignorant, benighted souls, aroused in the heart of many a keen-sighted man a sense of responsibility. These men of clear vision saw that from a merely secular standpoint the support of Chinese missions was wise policy if we would save our dearly-loved civilization from the possibility of a second overthrowing by the vandals—this time coming from the far east instead of from the north.

But a more terrible revelation of China's great need of the Gospel soon followed, when all Christendom was horrified with the account of her martyred missionaries. Among those who thus laid down their lives for Christ's sake was Elsie Marshall, a young girl whose consecrated zeal and sweet enthusiasm made her short life richly fruitful. She was born November 9, 1869, at Birchfield, in Birmingham, England, of which parish her father, the Rev. J. W. Marshall, was vicar. Soon after her father was appointed to the charge of St. John's, Blackheath, and there Elsie lived till the King called her to go as His messenger to China. The thought of foreign missionary work first entered her mind in 1886, and at once took firm hold of her, becoming the ruling motive of her life. With this end in view, she took up her secular studies with increased enthusiasm, and soon passed the senior Cambridge local examination. In November, 1891, she offered herself to the Church of England Zenana Society for work in China.

In January, 1892, Elsie went to the Willows, a training home at Mildmay, from which place she was shortly sent on to the Mildmay hospital for training in medicine and nursing. What she here learned in the few months allowed her, was of the greatest help to her in her missionary work, and often opened hearts and homes, sometime even whole villages, to receive the " message of God's love."

She sailed for China, with a mission party, in October, 1892. Of the voyage out the senior member of the party writes : " We travelled out together, and very sweet are my memories of Elsie during that six weeks' voyage; her earnest and whole-souled devotion to God, and her yearning, tender love for souls."

At length the voyage, into which so much work and study had been crowded, was at an end. On reaching China, Elsie writes : " It is beautiful practically to be at the end of the journey, and to feel that we are at the place which the Lord has told us of. The text

* " For His Sake," a Record of a Life Consecrated to God and Devoted to China. Extracts from the Letters of Elsie Marshall, martyred at Hwa-Sang, August 1st, 1895. Illustrated. London : Religious Tract Society. Toronto : William Briggs.

that comes to me so much is, 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon shall be yours,' and I believe it." The journey inland to Fuh-ning, travelling in chairs and cramped little house-boats, must have been fatiguing in the extreme, but Elsie's letters describing it contain no complaint, though she quaintly exclaims when it is almost over: "It will be lovely really to get to our destination after four days' knocking about, and eight weeks living in boxes and bags!" With characteristic earnestness she adds, "We are just longing to get to work!"

The first year in China was spent in Fuh-ning learning the language, in which Elsie made remarkable progress, passing her first year's examination in six months, and the second examination, which qualified her for regular work as a missionary, in a little over twelve months. Speaking of her rapid grasp of the language, an experienced missionary pronounced it "a miracle," and another said: "I do not suppose any one did so much work as she did in so short a time. God just gave her the language."

As a little girl, Elsie Marshall was remarkable for her bright, sunshiny disposition, and this brightness and sunshine never left her, but proved during the added years to be the never-failing sunlight of God's love in her heart. Her home letters are fairly running over with happiness and the joy of service. A very few weeks after her arrival in China, Christmas came—that lonely season for those so far away from home. But of that first Christmas in a strange land, Elsie writes: "I had a very, very happy time; I found out that the joy of Christmas is real true joy, that does not depend on circumstances, but on Christ. The joy of exchange was very great, having given up home and friends and all that they mean for the sake of telling the 'glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.' There is joy to tell the story, and there is no joy which can be compared with it. On Christmas morning there was nothing but joy left, and the first words that came into my heart were, 'Glory to the new-born King!'"

Then follows a description of her manner of spending the day—picking evergreens, helping to decorate the school, putting up texts in Chinese characters in red paper on a cotton-wool ground, etc., till "it all looked so pretty,"—a strange picture of Old England Christmastide planted in the midst of a crowded Chinese town. The Chinese Christians had a feast. "We went and were invited to sit down with them," Elsie writes. "We were presented with chopsticks and a bowl, and were invited to pick out of the general bowl in the middle. The polite thing is to take things out with your own chopsticks and feed some one else with it. This is what they did to me. Some of the things were 'rather nice,' some 'not very nasty,' the others I won't try to describe! I struggled through as many things as I could, and then I asked some one to tell me the word for 'I have had enough,' and said it most vigourously when fresh courses appeared. There were about eighteen altogether."

Just before the following Christmas, Elsie received a huge box from the Daybreak Working Party. "My heart is full tonight," she writes on December 21st, "I hardly know how to write. I feel quite overwhelmed. Now that my things have come, we are going to have a Christmas tree—the girls will be so pleased. Besides giving to the Fuh-ning girls, we are able to give dolls to twenty little girls in the village school. I

think they have never seen an English doll before. The first thing on Christmas morning we were wakened by the 'Fuh-ning waits;' the girls were outside singing 'Hark the herald,' and some carols Miss Boileau had taught them. It was sweet to see those Chinese girls singing, 'Praise Jesus, for He has come down to earth!'

"We went to church at eleven o'clock, and directly after we had the Christmas tree. It looked so pretty when we put the lighted candles on; two big dolls adorned the top branch and were given to the two head girls. I was curious to see the effect, as I was rather incredulous that they would really be pleased; but their faces just beamed. I feel so full of joy at being here. The thought of giving was uppermost in my mind, the love that gave Himself to us seemed to overwhelm everything; it was good to be able to give things, but beautiful to be able to give oneself, not only to the Chinese, but to Him who gave Himself for them."

The Chinese are very fond of feasts. Elsie writes: "I wish the Chinese did not have quite so many feasts, but the people like us to go, so we never refuse. They are always anxious that their guests should eat a great deal, and if they think they are not doing them justice, they proceed to help them to things with their hands, and Chinese hands are never clean."

Some time later she writes: "When I go away itinerating now, I eat in native style, not exactly native food, for that would make me ill, but I take bowl and chopsticks and eat. The people like it so much better."

In her work among the many villages in her district—a district three hundred miles in extent—Elsie frequently mentions the wonderful work the hospitals are doing. In writing of an itinerating tour, she says, "We went specially to those houses where the Bible-woman knew there were women who had been in the hospital, as that makes an opening. The women get taught there every day, and the whole atmosphere is Christian, and all so different from their heathen homes." At another time she exclaims, "I have had such a happy afternoon. Have been to two little villages outside the west gate. In both villages there were old hospital patients and they were so glad to see us. There was a very old woman who had been in the hospital a long time. She says she prays every day, and she has taught some of the other women to the best of her ability, poor thing! That hospital is doing a wonderful work—nearly every woman we saw this afternoon, who had been there, knew all about Jesus; two said they never prayed to idols, but to Jesus. In the second village we found several old patients. We could hardly get away; they kept asking us to go to one house after another till they made us quite late getting back. But it was pleasant to be welcomed and invited like that; it just shows what medical work does."

Elsie's Chinese teacher was not a Christian, and at first she found his manner very abrupt, and, perhaps, a trifle irritating. But in a few weeks she writes: "My teacher is getting so much nicer and I feel so happy about him. He is a very clever man, and thinks a great deal. The difficult thing about so many of the Chinese men is that they are so morally good; they follow their own code of morality, and think that therefore they never sin. He told me to-day that he has no sin in him. It is very difficult to get them to realize what sin is—they have such a shallow idea of it. He asked if one once believed in

Jesus one need never fear falling into sin. He said that was what he wanted, to have no fear of falling into sin. I showed him Romans viii. 1, 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus,' at which he was rather astonished, and asked if it was really true."

His questions were often very clever, and showed his deepening interest in the religion of his pupil. After studying with him for some time, Elsie writes, with great joy : "I do think my teacher is beginning to believe, he is so much nicer in every way, and so much more gentle. I feel so thankful we have got to St. Paul in the Bible; it seems just to suit him. He follows all the arguments in his epistles with such delight. St. Paul having been such a clever, well-read man, very much appeals to him. He is specially struck by his humility, and by his being willing to give up so much, position, etc., for Christ. He belongs to a very good family in Foochow, and expects to be a mandarin some day. His wife and family were very bigoted, and it was a hard struggle for him to give up his religion, but at last Elsie had the joy of knowing him to be a Christian.

Though her teacher was possessed of so much intelligence and ability, Elsie writes of the Chinese generally : "Do pray very earnestly for these poor Chinese. I feel now that when I was at home I did not half realize the depth of degradation and superstition in which the Chinese are sunk. Every fresh revelation of the darkness makes one rejoice more and more at the thought of being allowed to come. 'Darkness' seems such a very real, practical word to apply here, especially to the women. Some of them are so utterly ignorant they seem almost incapable of taking in any new idea." Again she says : "I think one finds out out more and more the ignorance and superstition of the people, even of the educated men. It is dreadfully sad that the Chinese think so little of their baby girls. It is not so sad in every part of China, but here (in Ku-cheng) they throw any number of children into the river, which we cross every time we go into the city, and they are often seen floating in the river."

But amid all this darkness the light was growing, and our brave little missionary never found her courage fail. "All the catechists and Christians, or most of them," she writes, "came in from the different stations round Ku-cheng on Friday night. I went to church, and I think one look inside that church would have silenced forever any more questions, 'Are missions any good?' Here, out in a heathen land, in a place where there has not been a mission very long, was a church literally packed (it holds about 600), hardly standing room. But Sunday was a more wonderful day still. In the morning the church was more packed than ever. Our hearts were very full, but, oh ! how I wish you could have been with us as we knelt with these Chinese round the Lord's table. Two hundred communicants there were—so earnest! But the crown of all was Tuesday night, when eighty-seven people were baptized."

At another time she writes : "I never like to say much as to results, but I think I may tell you a little more about a woman who makes my heart rejoice every time I see her. There is no doubt about her now ; she is believing in, rejoicing in Christ. She told me that more than ten years ago she heard some one preaching once, and ever since then had been longing to hear more. She did not understand a bit; and then one day last year, soon after I came to Ku-cheng the Lord sent

me to that village. She drank in the truth that day—for she had been thirsty so long. It was a heart prepared by the Lord. Every time afterwards she seemed so happy."

This devoted girl seemed to find her work growing sweeter and sweeter, as it widens with her inincreased experience and better command of the language. "You may imagine," she writes, "the joy it is to tell these people the good tidings, but you never could know what it is till you come. I had just begun to speak to them this afternoon, when an old woman took up my words, repeating them to the others, saying, 'She says she has come to tell us how we may have our hearts quite at rest, quite peaceful.' It was such a sweet word she used, not a very common one, and means a good deal. I don't know any joy like that which one feels when amongst the people—and the Gospel message is being given. Sitting on a dirty bench, in a dirty courtyard, surrounded by dirty people, there is no greater joy; and I would say this to every one at home who wonders if a missionary's life is happy." At another time she says: "It is such happy work! These three days we have been to eleven villages, nearly all of them never having heard the name of Jesus; those who had were the villages we visited last October, when we were here before, and then they heard for the first time."

Amid the pressure of work it was often hard to find the necessary time for private reading and prayer. "They expect us to get up early. The other morning at one of the places where we slept that night, at a quarter to seven I heard some voices outside in very astonished tones, saying, 'They have not come out yet!' They think if we don't come out we must always be in bed; as a matter of fact we were up and dressed, but not ready for them. They little know how our power to speak to them depends on that time when they think we are asleep in the morning. There is only one reason why I like chair rides, and that is for the beautiful quiet times one can have with the Lord; and after the morning quiet time, it is beautiful to go out and meet any one and every one with the Lord. That is the secret of our happy days."

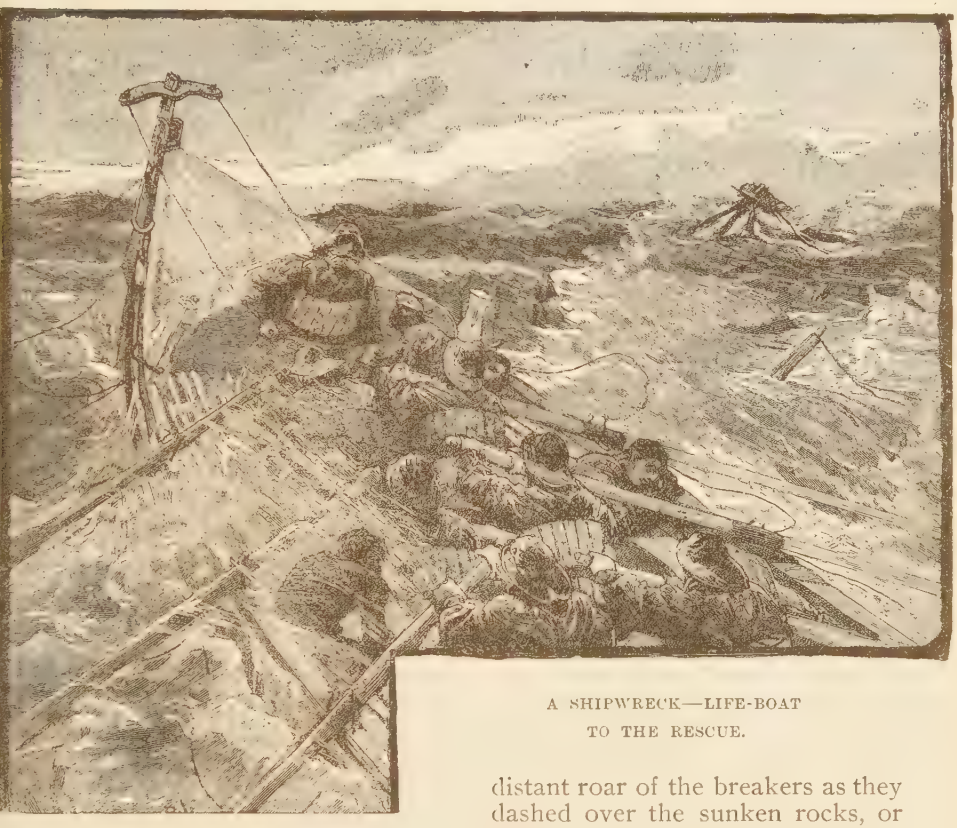
It was a great and very real sacrifice for Elsie Marshall to leave her work to obey Mr. Stewart's summons to go up to Hwa-Sang for July and August. Here it was, on August 1, 1895, that the mission houses were attacked by a lawless band of Vegetarians, and the mission party, with a single exception, were slain. Elsie Marshall would not have us dwell on the scenes of that awful but glorious martyrdom. A missionary's wife writes: "In the spring my husband was attacked by a murderer, and had it not been for the help of a native Christian, would, I fear, have lost his life. On telling Elsie of it, she said, 'How could he have died better than as a martyr for Jesus?' I feel she longed to be a sacrifice for Him, and He granted her the desire of her heart."

The Rev. W. Banister writes: "A few days ago I received an account in Chinese of the last few days in Hwa-Sang. The party had been keeping their 'Keswick week' on the Mount of Glory (for Hwa-Sang may be thus translated) soon to be for them the glorious mount of Transfiguration into Christ's glorious image. Elsie Marshall was the last speaker, and she spoke on Luke ix. 24, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it.' Prophetic words soon realized and fulfilled for them all."

Kingston, Ont.

WRECKS AND RESCUES IN TYNEMOUTH HARBOUR.

BY THE REV. DR. W. T. D. DUNN.



A SHIPWRECK—LIFE-BOAT TO THE RESCUE.

We sat round the glowing fire, which seemed all the more cheerful because of the chill December storm that was raging without. Silently we watched the glowing embers, and thought of those who were exposed to the danger of the sea.

Since the sun had gone down the storm had rapidly increased, and by this time its angry rage had lashed the ocean into fury. At times the wind seemed to rest awhile, as though to gather new strength; and during these momentary pauses we could hear the distant roar of the breakers as they dashed over the sunken rocks, or spent their struggle at the foot of the towering cliff. It was a terrible night—the sky was covered with inky darkness, and the maddened winds and sea wrestled and strove with each other till the heavens and earth seemed to tremble at the fray. The ominous howl of the wind caused a foreboding of danger and death that might come to some who were helplessly tossed in the storm, or striving to enter the harbour.

The silence of the company was at length broken by one who said, "I fear there will be trouble before morning; this storm cannot

last long without terrible results somewhere."

The words were scarcely finished when a flash like lightning cleaved the night, and illuminated the room where we sat, and on its heels came the boom and roar of the signal gun. We sat still until a second and third gleam flashed through the house, and the roar of the gun was repeated again and again.

"Three guns—a wreck on the south side!" said one of the company.

Then came the reply of three guns from the guard-ship that lay in the mouth of the river. Hastily I buttoned my overcoat round me, and made my way as quickly as possible through the darkness to the south side of the harbour. Already the long stone pier was crowded with anxious throngs, many of whom were wives and mothers who were expecting husbands and sons to be nearing home, and who feared that it might be these who had been cast ashore by the merciless storm. A hum of excitement was running through the crowds, and every person seemed to be asking some one else some such questions as, "Where is the wreck?" "Do you know who it is?" "Is the life-boat out yet?"

I pressed on down the pier till I came to a group of men who were leaning over the wall and peering into the darkness as though they saw something not far away.

"There she is; see her starboard light!"

Looking in the direction in which they pointed, I could see a faint green light moving toward the pier by desperate reels and plunges. A strange mutter of excitement could be heard all through the crowd when this was discovered, but this noise was instantly checked by the sudden whir and hiss of a light rocket, as it flashed into the air from the mortar of the Life Brigade, and for a moment cast a brilliant light for some distance around. Then there burst forth a mingled cry and groan as the light revealed a vessel with her canvas spread, just making a bound on to the terrible rocks by which she was surrounded.

No sooner had the light of the rocket died away than we heard a dull, heavy thud, quickly followed by a fearful crashing, mingled with the voices of the men who were now calling wildly for help. Presently there was a short lull in the roar of the breakers, and we could distinctly hear a voice from the ship calling,

"A rope! a rope! For God's sake, send us a rope!"

"Aye, aye," responded the captain of the Life Brigade.

By this time a number of large torches had been lighted along the side of the pier, and by their light we could see that the ship was very near, and had struck between two rocks which held her fore part fast, while her stern was being dashed to pieces by the waves. I pressed along near to the brigade so as to watch closely all their movements in trying to save the men. They had a van or car, which was run along the pier on a railway made for the purpose. It was so constructed that it could be opened toward any direction, and in it they had all their apparatus for saving life, which, to me, looked like one great tangle of ropes, pulleys, and buoys. In the centre of the car stood a small mortar, set on a universal swivel; and near it stood a sort of rack, which looked like a field harrow, set on its edge, with the teeth pointing outward. On these teeth a great quantity of small rope was wound, something after the style in which our sisters arrange their yarn on the backs of the chairs when they are "balling" it. This rope was attached to the

rocket which was shot from the mortar, and the rack arrangement was to prevent it from "kinking," as it is liable to do when it is run out quickly from an ordinary coil.

Fortunately the vessel was hard aground upon the rocks, and did not move, so that the captain of the brigade had not much trouble in setting the mortar with a good aim. When all was ready he called to the men on the vessel,

"Ship ahoy! All hands stand by. Ready."

"Aye, aye, sir," came the quick reply.

A sharp click of the fuse, and whis-s-s, went the rocket, cleaving the air like a meteor; and the small rope zigzagged after it like a streak of murky lightning. The aim was true. Over the ship, right between the masts, darted the glaring light, falling into the water at some distance on the off side, and the rocket laid the rope just over amidships. This the men on board immediately seized, and in an instant the men on shore fastened to it a block through which was passed an endless hawser.

Then the cry rang out, "Haul aboard!"

In a little while we could hear the block rattling against the side of the ship, and a moment or two later we saw a light quickly flashed, which was the signal that the block had been made fast to the mast. Then a similar block was made fast ashore, and the hawser passed through it, after which all the tackling was tightened up. By this arrangement there were two stretches of hawser between the ship and the shore, and on the under stretch was fastened a circular life-buoy, from which hung a short pair of canvas breeches.

A flash from the shore, and a reply from the vessel—then ten or a dozen strong men shouldered the upper stretch of the hawser, and with a ringing cheer ran quickly down the pier till the buoy boarded the vessel. For a moment they stood still holding their rope, till a flash from the vessel intimated that some one was in the breeches and ready to be brought ashore. Then they "slacked rope" and ran back with it, while another set of men ran with the other stretch, and so hauled the buoy with its occupant ashore.

The law in relation to these matters is that all women shall be sent ashore first, then the men according to their age, beginning at the youngest; the captain, or officer in charge, always remaining till last. Fortunately no women were aboard this vessel, and the first person landed was the cabin-boy. As soon as he was landed, a loud cheer went up from the multitude, and the apparatus was run out to the ship again. So man after man was safely brought ashore without any trouble, except that, while the third man was about midway between the vessel and the shore, a tremendous sea lifted the wreck and drove it nearer the pier, causing all the ropes to slacken, and dropping the poor fellow into the surf, through which he had to be dragged till he could find a footing. The tackling being tightened up again, all the rest were brought ashore without mishap.

The captain had just landed, and the coastguardsman was demanding his name, the name of his vessel and his keys (for as soon as a captain signals for help, he places himself under the protection of the coastguards, who take possession of all till matters have been settled), when another green light was seen tossing up and down, and plunging back and forward just a short distance from the wreck.

In a moment the throng seemed dumb with surprise, till there came the flash and boom of a distress signal. Then the silence was broken by the mingled shrieks and

shouts of the men and women. The next moment light rockets were making their fiery courses through the darkness, showing clearly another vessel which was drifting quickly towards the one already wrecked. Several in the crowd shouted wildly,

"Launch the life-boat, and take them ashore on the off side."

But the captain of the brigade stood motionless and without uttering a word. His clenched hands were resting on his belt, his lips were firm and compressed, and his keen eyes were fixed on the approaching vessel. His men stood behind him awaiting his orders, but not a word was spoken. Presently the officer who had just demanded the keys of the rescued captain stepped quickly up to him, a few words passed between them, then the command was given to the brigade,

"Stand by, my men. Lay hold o' the hawser."

The excitement of the people ran high as they saw the bold coastguard leap into the life-buoy, and heard him say, "Haul aboard!"

Away he went over the boiling surf, and was soon lost to sight in the darkness. As soon as he boarded the wreck from which the crew had been taken, he lit up several torches, so that he might see his way about, and those on shore could watch his movements. He had scarcely finished this work when the other vessel plunged into the wreck with a fearful crash. The next sea brought the two right alongside each other, and the work of destruction went on quickly, as they creaked and groaned and crashed together in angry combat.

The surf was running so high that it was impossible to reach the new wreck in the life-boat, and the only hope of deliverance was in the men being able to get on board the vessel to which the life-saving hawser was attached. But she stood so high above them, being light in ballast, while they were laden down to their water-mark, that it was all out of question for them to climb up her side.

And now came in the wisdom and the heroism of the coastguard; for, though the vessel was fast breaking up under him, he seized a rope, and throwing it down to the men, called to them to lay hold of it one at a time. He succeeded in pulling the first man on board, then they two pulled up the next, and so on, till they all stood together on the deck of the first wreck, and as before the youngest man was first sent ashore in the life-buoy. Man after man was safely landed, until the captain's turn came. He would have stayed till last, but the coastguard would not leave the fast-sinking wreck till he had seen every man on shore.

The captain being landed, the buoy was quickly sent back for the gallant man who still remained. But it was not allowed, when it returned, to touch the wall of the pier, for, as soon as it came within reach, its occupant was lifted bodily out, and hoisted on to the shoulders of a crowd of men, whose lusty cheers could be heard high above the roaring of the storm and the crashing of timbers. While others looked after the comfort of the rescued men, the crowd carried the officer shoulder high up to the town, and through its streets, making them ring with cheers, for, had it not been for his noble deed, the whole crew of the second wreck must certainly have found a watery grave. Soon after this officer was handsomely rewarded by the Royal Humane Society, and decorated with their medal of honour.

A sad fact was brought to light after the rescue of the first crew.

When they were brought ashore, it was noticed that the captain was quite drunk, and the rest, with the exception of the cabin-boy, were more or less intoxicated. It was afterwards discovered that as soon as they found they had missed the harbour, and were drifting helplessly on to the rocks, upon which they expected to be lost, they gulped down a quantity of liquor so as to meet death unconsciously. I have been told that this practice is not at all uncommon among dissipated sailors.

The captain of the second vessel stated that he mistook the bright torches which were being burned upon the pier, for harbour lights, and, steering straight for them, only discovered his mistake when it was too late to save his vessel. There was a sermon in that statement.

The above wrecks and rescue took place in the Tynemouth harbour, where such wrecks are very frequent during the winter months. The river Tyne flows into the sea from a shore that is comparatively straight, hence its mouth, being exposed to the open sea, forms but a poor harbour. In order to remedy this in some measure, broad piers of solid masonry have been built out from each side of the harbour, extending about a mile out to sea. These check the seas as they roll in from the wild north-east, and form a good harbour and entrance to the river.

A few nights after these wrecks took place, a gale was blowing from the north-east, and a heavy "ground sea" was running. A large barque was coming from the south, and had been struggling for a long time with the storm. Near midnight the man at the mast-head called out that he saw a light away to the north-west, that seemed to him like the red light of Tynemouth. The captain could not believe that they were at all near enough to see that light, and so ordered the man down, and went aloft to see for himself. He saw the light, counted its revolutions, and was satisfied that the man was right, and reckoned that they must be about nine miles from the harbour. While he was aloft the vessel gave a deep plunge and trembled for awhile as though she had shipped a sea; but so intent was he upon watching the light, that he took but little notice of so common an occurrence.

Having fully satisfied himself, he returned to the deck. But what was his horror to find that there was not a soul aboard except himself. The men had evidently been all standing together talking about the light that had been seen, when a sea had broken over the vessel and swept every man overboard. The captain took the wheel, and managed to keep close hauled along the wind, but it was impossible for him to take in a stitch of canvas. Still he kept her along, and, as he had nearly nine miles of "sea-way," he was able to run far enough past the harbour so as to make it by putting about and running right before the wind. He entered the mouth of the harbour all right, and was safely past the ends of the piers; but it was only then he came to his greatest danger. She was driving along at a terrific speed, and to drop the anchors was useless, for the cables would snap like threads, and to bring her round to the wind with all her canvas set, was an utter impossibility for one man.

He was fast nearing the river, where fleets of vessels were riding at anchor, or moored to the wharves, and he knew that to run among them only meant the destruction of everything he touched, and the sacrifice of his own life and probably of many others. A terrible alarm ran among the people on shore, as they saw her

lights dashing up the harbour. The excitement increased to almost a panic as the vessel neared the narrow entrance to the river, through which, if she passed, she would certainly bring havoc and death. In an instant she made a sharp turn toward the south shore —a moment later there was a muffled crash, like the mutterings of distant thunder. A distress light flew up into the dark heavens, and in quick response the rocket apparatus laid the line across her bows. The brigade men waited for the return signal, but none was given. Presently they heard a splash, and felt their rope slacken. Thinking it had missed its aim and had fallen into the water, they began to haul it ashore to try again, but were surprised to find they were hauling something heavier than the rope alone.

Soon a black speck was seen tossing in the surf, and they discovered that they were hauling ashore a human body. Another moment, and a man clad in oilclothes floundered up on the beach. The men of the brigade surrounded him, and thinking the man must be crazy, demanded of him why he had come ashore with the rope and left the other men on board.

"No men aboard," he said, "no men aboard. Wait till I get a little heat into me, and I'll tell you all about it." Then he began beating the numbness out of his arms and legs in good old sailor style.

He soon told them the whole story of the loss of all his crew, and explained his reasons for running his vessel ashore, and then tying their rope round his waist and jumping overboard, to escape from the ship before she was dashed to pieces.

Hants Harbour, Nfld.

THE HERMIT AND THE PILGRIM.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

Within the holy hermit knelt and prayed,
With arms upraised above his bended form,
He called aloud amid the beating storm,
Invoking, for the homeless, heaven's aid.

"O God," he cried, "if in this bitter night
There be but one who seeks a shelt'ring rest—
E'en as Thou givest to the birds a nest,—
Lead Thou, O Lord, his falt'ring steps aright.

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
Drawn thither by the laura's flick'ring light—
A star amid the tempest-ridden night,—
Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.

"O man of God, take pity ere I die
And grant to me the refuge of thy care!"
But to the anchorite, absorbed in prayer,
There came no sound of knock nor pleading cry.

When darkness, with its stormful wrath had sped,
His duty done, the weary hermit slept;
While he for whom that night he'd prayed and wept
Lay at the door, unrecognized and dead.

—*February Scribner's.*

PASTOR HARMS AND HIS WORK.*

About two hours from Hanover, there is a wide range of country known as the Luneburger Heath, with a peculiar wild beauty of its own, and proverbial for the strong home-love of its peasantry. One of the villages, called Hermannsburg, may be taken for a picture of the rest. The cottages lie far apart, with their gardens between, little by-paths running from one to the other. Every house has the galloping horse of the old Saxons, or at least his head, perched upon the gable; within there is roominess and comfort, and that indefinable homeliness which is so rare out of Great Britain. There are no beggars, no rough or vagrant loungers about the streets, nor any ragged children.

Many years ago a new clergyman came to the parish, a Hermannsburger himself, and the son of its former pastor. Bred upon the Heath, it seems to have exerted the same influence over him as over the rest, and his character has all the freedom, sturdiness, and power of self-reliance of the district, as well as other traits as marked. Before his father died, he came to assist him in his cure. It was only a year or two, when, in 1848, he was left alone. From this time he entered with all his heart on the singular labours which have occupied him incessantly ever since. He has become a power in the world by giving himself up to the power of God; for in proportion as Christ is in the believer, so is He the power of God in him.

He found the village and the neighbourhood very different from what they are now. Mr. Harms recognized that his first duty lay within his own parish, and it was there he sought for Christian reform. But 1848 was a time of storm and confusion, when men's minds were disturbed, and when outward circumstances might be supposed to take the place of everything else. He did not delay for that. In prayer, in preaching, in visiting, in example, he laboured for this end; and the end he has reached is that Hermannsburg is now a Christian parish, the like of which is probably not to be found the world over. There is not a house in the village where there is not regular family worship morning and evening; there is no one absent from church unless by sickness. The population is small, and yet there are 11,000 communicants in the year; so that, with very rare exceptions, every adult must be a communicant, and every communicant be a frequent participator. The labourers have prayer in the fields; instead of country ballads, the ploughboy or the weeding-girl is singing one of the grand old hymns; the people are like one Christian family, and their influence and conversation have already acted on the surrounding districts. Their houses are neater, drunkenness is unknown; so is poverty. They are found to be kind-hearted, with few quarrels, good farmers, and good peasants.

While the people were rejoicing in their spiritual life, a mission to the heathen was suggested. It was a time of strong faith and self-sacrifice, and the suggestion was adopted. They would go out themselves as missionaries, wherever it might please God to show them the greatest need. This was in 1849. Twelve persons offered; a house was set apart for their re-

* Abridged from William Fleming Stevenson's "Praying and Working."

sidence and training, and a brother of Mr. Harms, also a clergyman, took charge of it. The course of instruction extended over four years, and embraced—Introduction to both Testaments, Exegesis, Dogmatics, History of the Church, History of Doctrines, History of Missions, Homiletics, and Catechetics,—a sufficiently formidable course, as will be admitted, to simple peasant men; and yet it included more, for there was a daily course of work through which they went.

There was one point to be settled further, and that was their destination. The east coast of Africa was fixed on, and then the tribes of the Gallas, lying northwest of the Zanzibar. The choice seems to have been more enthusiastic than prudent. These Gallas were only known as the terror of the whole east coast; a strong, hardy, savage race. They were robbers and murderers by profession; they were difficult of access; a missionary with them was completely isolated; but no one had ever tried them before, and this somewhat Quixotic reason outweighed everything. And here, before following out the story, it is well to have a distinct impression of the circumstances. A poor country clergyman, in a remote district, with a congregation almost entirely composed of peasants, proposes that as a congregation it shall send out missionaries to the heathen. The missionaries, as is natural, must be of their own body, peasants like the rest. As many as twelve come forward, and the clergyman, in the name of the congregation, and without any means, accepts the entire burden of training, sending, and supporting these men. Has anything like that been seen since the days when the Church of Antioch sent out her Barnabas and Saul?

A year or two had slipped past in preparation and in regular parish work, when some young sailors of the German fleet sought admission to the Hermannsburg emigration. They were recent converts, and in their zeal proposed to found a colony near Boney, in Western Africa, and by Christian influences assist in putting down the slave-trade. Christian missionaries could superintend them, but what society would furnish these? They sought for guidance in this matter, and were directed to Harms, and laid their plans before him. They declared it was all one on which coast they settled; and that they were ready, as he wished, to stay for some months under his eye. An entirely new element was thus introduced, and has since determined the character of the mission—colonization. Peasants who had no missionary gifts pleaded to be taken out as settlers. Out of sixty who offered, eight were chosen. The sailors settled down to their work, and the scheme at once assumed a magnitude that had not been contemplated.

And now came a new trouble. How were all these persons to be sent out? Where would the money come from? Then one of the sailors said, "Why not build a ship, and you can send out as many and as often as you will?" The proposal was good; but, the money! That was a time of great conflict and wrestling with God.

Arrangements were at once made for the building of a brig at Harburg; it was well and quickly done, and there was only one mishap, which in the end proved harmless—it cost more than 2,000 crowns above the estimate. With a landsman's ignorance, Harms had not recognized the difference between copper-fastened and copper-sheathed until the little item in the bill brought it prominently before him. But all passed off well;

and one bright autumn day a special train carried the clergyman and some hundreds of his parishioners to Harburg, where they found that the shipping was dressed with flags in honour of the new vessel; and having held a simple service on board, they dedicated the Candace to its work of carrying the Gospel to the Ethiopians. At Hermannsburg there was a ceaseless industry. Smiths, tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, coopers, were preparing for their ship. The women and girls knitted with a rapidity that was marvellous to look upon. The farmers came in with loads of buck-wheat and rye. The orchards were stripped. Pigs and hens accumulated to the proportions of an agricultural show. Nor did a Christmas tree fail, but one was carefully planted in a huge tub to be in readiness against crossing the line.

Then the mission pupils had to pass their examination before being ordained by the Consistory. The colonists had to be got ready. They all knew something of agriculture, but by more definite profession they were: two smiths, a tailor, a butcher, a dyer, and three labourers. The captain was chosen and the crew; the cargo was on board; and at last the leaving-time came. The younger Harms preached a farewell sermon, and then the sixteen stood up together and sang as their parting hymn, Ein feste ist unser Gott. There is no music so rousing and sublime as that masterpiece of Luther; it is a very hero-psalm; and there is something noble in those humble men setting their faces towards the savages in Africa and flinging back their lofty music out of brave, composed hearts. The next day they went to Hamburg, and, on the 28th October, 1853, the anchor was lifted, and the Candace floated down to Cuxhaven.

At Hamburg there is the service on board. The deck is crowded, the rigging and bulwarks of the neighbouring vessels are well filled; the quay porters and other loungers look on in wonder; the captain and sailors are gathered round a table on the quarter-deck, and a regular open-air service is held. Through the voyage regular services are maintained, and every morning and evening they meet together for a simple worship as the members of one household. The children are taught, and the school is opened before they have left the river; study is diligently continued; the tradesmen ply their crafts; and the inner life of that trim brig, the Candace, is pleasant to look upon. After eighty days they reached Cape Town, and presently sailed round to Natal, and went in search of their long-looked-for Gallas.

When the hurry of departure was over, and the parish life returned into its old channel, it felt somewhat dull. The first brood had gone, and the nests were empty, as Harms says. This did not last long. Three weeks were spent in putting things to rights, and by that time twelve new candidates were waiting to enter the house. There were two tailors, four carpenters, and six yeomen or peasants.

About this time the Hermannsburg Mission Magazine was begun, as a means of communicating missionary intelligence from the African colonists to the people, to the surrounding districts, and to some more distant friends of the undertaking. Its circulation soon reached 14,000, equal to that of the Kolnische Zeitung, the Times of North Germany. It suggested the necessity of a Hermannsburg printing-press. It was desirable that the missionaries should learn type-setting, and other mysteries of the printing art, so that they

might be able to supply books afterwards to the heathen in their own tongues. Many Bibles, catechisms, and hymn-books were needed. So now the village prints its own history to all the world, and the printing-press never rests.

In the second year also the Candace returned. Sinister reports had been spread by the Hamburg papers. It was said the Mission ship was lost; that it was worthless and worm-eaten; that it would never sail back into the Elbe. These reports, from the highest commercial authorities, were not hidden from the people; but they were bid to wait in faith for more certain intelligence. When the ship returned, not even the average repairs, after so long a voyage, were necessary. The next year, the preparations for a new African voyage were completed. Four brides were sent out to as many of the missionaries, nor were bridal wreaths forgotten in the great chests. When the ship that carried out the brides reached the harbour, the brethren had been waiting with a natural anxiety; and, to their dismay, contrary winds and low tides prevented her entrance. Six days they waited, making telescopic observations, until an English merchant, whose wife was a passenger on board, proposed sailing out to the Candace. As the wind blew from shore, the boat reached safely, and the brides and bridegrooms immediately set off in hope of a speedy landing. But, instead of returning, they disappeared in the offing. The wind had caught their boat and carried them out its own way. "Had not the Candace made sail and captured these involuntary fugitives, who knows where they would have drifted? I said before, that brides and bridegrooms are strange people; is it not true?" A tailor, a shoemaker, a smith, a tanner, and a wheelwright went out as colonists. The ordination of the twelve brave missionaries by the Consistory of Hanover quickly followed. The King and Queen, with their children, were present; the ministers of the town all took part; the next day they were sent for to the palace, where the king entered freely into conversation with each of them, and assured them that they would be remembered by himself and his family in prayer.

In the autumn of this year the Candace was ready for another mission-journey, and was so crowded that the captain and the shipping-agent were in despair. No less than forty-four persons left the old Hermannsburg for the new, twelve of them missionaries, fourteen colonists, and again four brides, the rest being women and children. The old mission house that they had left was filled in every corner by one-and-twenty young men, who had taken possession of it for the next training.

There was another burden pressing on Harms which is pressing on very many. We catch the thief and put him in prison. On the whole, our machinery, so far, is admirable. But when the prison door lets him out again into the world, our machinery ceases. It is simply the opening and closing of a trap. And as the burden of the ex-converts pressed sore upon Harms, he determined to join in connection with the mission a refuge for discharged convicts. A farm was purchased, of sufficient extent to afford the men constant employment. The farm-house was fitted up for their reception; a pious yeoman of the parish was appointed superintendent—is not the German word housefather better?—and they waited in stillness for any who would voluntarily come.

Pastor Harms was chained to his desk for twelve hours a day,

and did his parish duty as before. When the stress was over he could work no more, but lay sick for months. He was never very strong, rather feeble, and latterly delicate and suffering; so much, that he sometimes writes as if he were soon to die. It was two years before he was recovered, and arranged what was needful for a fourth voyage to the Cape. In the autumn of 1860, the ship went on a fifth voyage, was laden as before; and in 1861 returned for twenty-two missionaries.

Every year the Hermannsburg Missionary Festival is held for two days in the leafy month of June. It is a middle point for the Mission interest; the point of attraction for strangers; the ecclesiastical date of the country round. The children divide their affections between it and Christmas. It represents the picturesque side of Heath life, and the joyousness of Christian feeling; and it is peculiar, without a counterpart in this country, like a picture from the out-of-door life of England two centuries ago, or a covenanters' meeting among the hills of Scotland.

The day before is marked by a not unnatural commotion in the village, for along every road and bridle-path, and over the moor where there is no path at all, the strangers are dropping in, in waggons or carts, or on horseback, or most of them on foot. What becomes of them you can scarcely say, for as soon as they drop into the street they disappear. But Use hospitality is a precept which admits here of a surprising elasticity, and when seventy or one hundred people are found in one house, and in the vicarage still more, the wonder ceases. Every corner is full, the hay-lofts are crowded with guests; a barn, an out-house, a lobby; anywhere that there is shelter, there is room and content. The majority are peasants, of clergymen a few, of schoolmasters several, of the people an incredible multitude. Students drop in from Gottingen; perhaps there is a famous preacher from Berlin; a hot Lutheran finds his next bed-fellow in the hay-loft is a leader of the Reformed; a genial pietist from Wurtemberg is sitting beside a dry orthodox divine from Pomerania. They cannot help it. Harms attracts them all; and they have literally no room to display their differences.

The next morning all is hushed till the bell rings for prayer. Then from every house there bursts forth a peal of morning psalms, and up on the hill before their doors the Mission students blow chorals on their long trumpets. And when the householder has assembled his friends for morning worship and they have breakfasted, the street is crowded and lively with greetings of neighbours and friends unexpectedly met, until the bell rings out again for service at ten. The church is soon filled, the men on one side, the women on the other, as the old-fashioned way is; the rest gather outside about the open windows, for there are more than 6,000 people. The singing is in somewhat quicker time than usual, firm and strong and full, so exquisite for harmony and expression that, as a visitor once said, he must be a daring preacher who will venture into the pulpit after that. It would be impossible, without transcribing the whole, to give a right conception of what is preached and how; it would be impossible thus to convey a sense of the fervour, and (there is no better word for it) holiness of the speaker, his utter simpleness, the directness of his country phrases, his fire, and that love and perfect faith which colour all his words.

The afternoon service follows ;

hymns are sung again, sometimes by the congregation, and then by the men, or the women, or the children—a mode of church music much cultivated among the Moravians. The inspector preaches, and reports upon the mission, so far as under his control; Harms comes after, with the report of the entire work for the year, and it is far on in the evening before the people separate.

The next day is known by the march of the pilgrims. Some spot in the neighbourhood, a few miles distant, and in another parish, is selected; practical reasons, of course, guide the choice, but beauty of situation does not seem unconsidered. About nine, the people assemble in front of his house, the students blow a chorale, there is a prayer, and the procession sets off over the Heath; the aged and delicate in waggons, the rest on foot. This is a gay and pretty sight. It is holiday with every one, holiday dress and holiday talk. Little family groups wind over the Heath; its great silence is broken by the murmur of a thousand voices; its level sombre shades are brightened by an endless variety of colour; it seems all in motion, for other groups are advancing from other directions to the place of rendezvous; and occasionally the pilgrims lift up a mighty psalm that goes echoing over the moor, and is caught up by the distant stragglers, and sent joyously back from band to band.

Arrived at their destination, they settle themselves for the day. Turning down into a valley, they spread up the side, over the mingled meadow and heath, or climb the trees, while some rock below serves as pulpit, and the blue summer sky is roof sufficient. Nothing can be more picturesque than the grouping, or more cheerful than the universal feeling. And when the service is begun with the singing of so many thousand blended voices, it is no wonder to see aged eyes that fill with tears of joy.

Twenty years ago no one could have prophesied that the population of a district would assemble at a missionary meeting. At that time the churches were closed against the mission; a hall might be hired in some town, but the few who did that were said by everybody to be out of their right mind; and if a meeting were held, those who came were followed through the street, and pointed at as a nine days' marvel, and if an association was established, it was happy to receive 200 crowns.

When Harms has preached, the clergyman of the parish bids the assembly welcome. Other addresses are made until one, and an hour is then left for picnicking, which proceeds with the same disregard of conventional rule and the same intense satisfaction that belong to it elsewhere. Further addresses, and much singing of hymns and prayer succeed; extracts are read from recent letters of the missionaries, and information is given of the various labours of mission societies. It is not till the summer twilight has stolen down that the pilgrims catch sight of the scattered houses and church spire of Hermannsburg. As they enter, the bell rings for evening prayer. There is a sudden silence along the straggling line, broken only by the audible murmur of some more urgent petition. In a few minutes, the train moves again, and the divided households unite, each under its own roof, with thanksgiving to the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever.

Where did they get the money? A ship is costly, and a farm is not bought for nothing, and the daily maintenance of 200 people is no

trifle, nor can buildings be put up at eight different settlements without expense although it be among the Kaffirs. And yet this parish is a plain peasant parish, and Mr. Harms is only a clergyman's son, and his income is scanty enough. The ship cost 15,000 crowns, and 4,000 more to outfit it; Africa needed in one year 7,000, in another 21,000; the annual home expenses are about 6,000. Or let it be put in another form. The expenditure for six years was 115,676 crowns. The income for the same period was 118,694 crowns.

Where did he get these 118,000 crowns? His doctrine is that no Christian dare be a beggar, nor ask from any but God. Beyond the barest outline of accounts, he excludes money matters and money difficulties from his paper; he will neither mention the sums that have been given, nor the names of any who give. He never speaks of his wants, nor asks a donation; when he is in urgent difficulty about money, he persists in silence. This may look singular and absurd. But is it not more singular that he has never found this course of conduct to mislead or disappoint him; that he has found his straightforward asking of God abundantly sufficient? When a man makes that discovery, who can blame him for using it?

He has one or two pretty certain sources of income. Each of the 11,000 annual communicants lays a gift on the communion-table, as the custom is. The congregation is liberal. There are plain yeomen who have handed him 500 crowns. There are persons who have stripped themselves of all to give. But he has no control over these people. If there are persons who give so largely in that particular community, it is but reasonable to say that it is God who moves their hearts to this liberality.

Before his own paper was established, Harms put a brief report of his proceedings in two of the country newspapers. The unlikelihood of that report reaching far is self-evident, but almost simultaneously contributions came from New Orleans, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Odessa, and Narva. Harms has no doubt how they came. God put it into men's hearts.

We give in conclusion a brief account of the new Hermannsburg in Africa. The truculent Gallas were the special pagans Pastor Harms sought to evangelize, but the Sultan of Zanzibar refused permission to land, and so thwarted the missionaries that they were obliged to go to Port Natal. This disappointment weighed like an Alp upon the heart of Harms day and night. At Port Natal three courses were open,—either to place themselves under the Bishop of Natal, to which they had sound objections; or to settle on government land; or to purchase ground for a colony. The second, as the less expensive, was adopted; and their difficulties began again. The first time they touched at Port Natal a report had preceded them that it was a ship full of Jesuits, that the people must beware. But as in the early morning they blew a German chorale on their long trumpets—as their fashion is—a German, who stood on shore, cried out that these were no Jesuits, but Lutherans, and the suspicion was dissipated. And now when they went to the Governor for permission to settle, he declared that he would never allow them an inch of the royal domains, and that the sooner they left the country the better. This blow fell on them sadly and incomprehensibly, for they had brought letters of recommendation from the English Government. It was explained later. The captain, who turned out badly,

had informed the Governor that they were revolutionary demagogues; and he, it seems, was nothing loath to believe it. No squatting being permitted, they were driven to the third course, of a regular purchase. They secured a property of 6,018 acres for £630.

The position of the settlement as a mission fortress and centre was good. It was under English protection; it was not inconveniently distant from the sea; it touched on the most important tribes of Southern Africa; and by penetrating northward from tribe to tribe, it was still possible to reach the Gallas. And the religious state of the population, white and black, was pitiful. Isolated among the heathen, and removed from every Christian influence, the heathenism of the so-called Christian is the result.

Having secured their purpose, the next step of the colonists was to build. Then the learning of the language became the most formidable work of all. For they did not spend their energy in mere outward arrangements. They kept steadily before them the purpose of their colony, and every spare moment practised the native tongue. If a man got knocked up in the woods, he recruited himself by a month's study of Kaffir with Posselt. "I have seen them," says Posselt, writing to Harms, "struggling with these clicks and clacks till their eyes turned round in their head. It is a hard nut for them to crack; but they are indefatigable, and they never flinch; real martyrs in the cause."

The language is a lamentation in their letters for years—they were only simple peasants of the heath; elderly men some of them, more used to a spade than a grammar; and it is to their credit that they manfully overcame the difficulties in their way, instead of falling back upon pastoral duty among the scattered Germans. Meanwhile their hearts were burning within them for some speech with the natives, and until able directly, they spoke as they could through interpreters. Nor were they slow to practice with any natives who might be at hand, though they sometimes fell into odd blunders.

Harms, careful and thoughtful at home, warned them of the African laziness, of a "lady-and-gentleman existence." They wrote him in reply—"A bell rings us up at half-past five; we have worship at six; after coffee every one hurries off to his work; for breakfast we have bread and milk; the bell rings from work to dinner at twelve, at half-past one there is coffee, and then to work again as long as our dear God lets the sun shine." The work embraced everything—mission teaching and handicraft, the household and the church. At last a despatch arrived from Lord Clarendon, recognizing the admirable character of the mission, and recommending it to special care, while 3,000 acres additional, out of the Government land, were allocated to the settlement. With the arrival of Sir G. Grey came still brighter prospects. He is reported to have said, that if he were not a governor he would be a missionary. Whatever truth may be in this, his interest in missions is well known. His familiarity with their working, and his experience of the relations between European and savage races, led him to a higher estimate of their value than is at all common to colonial rulers. He made grants to any new mission station of 6,000 acres, grants of which the Hermannsburgers soon availed themselves. They were rapidly increasing. The old parish at home sent out a continuous stream of emigrants. Their organization

was firmly established; and while Hermannsburg remained as the centre, and as a school of preparation for mission life, the emigrants founded new stations. The white families near them showed a wonderful change. Drunkards became sober and diligent; gamblers threw away their cards; where the Bible had never been opened, there was a daily confession of Christ; there were entire families that blessed God for what had been wrought in their households; and these persons had before been incredibly degraded, and almost without a sense of religion.

The horror of the missionaries at the pagan rites of the natives can scarce find expression; they write of every ceremony as the work of the devil; they fight against it as such; if they are invited to a feast, they soon rush out to wrestle in prayer against the kingdom of Satan; their soul is moved within them. "We are often filled with such nausea and loathing, that we could run away if it were not that love and pity withheld us." But these men have gentle and winning ways, and their good faith and simplicity give point to their words; the heathen Kaffirs like to live near them, the children are diligent and affectionate in the school.

Seven years after the first missionaries sailed for Africa, there were 100 settlers spread over the Eastern provinces at eight stations; there were dwelling-houses, and workshops at every station; there were about 40,000 acres of land; 50 heathens had been baptized; their influence reached from the Zulus on the coast, to the Bechuanas in the centre, and from the Orange river to Lake Ngami. At home, they had a mission house and farm, with 45 persons living in them; the Refuge Farm, with 20 persons; they had their own ship, and printed their own books; and they continue with one accord in breaking of bread and in prayer.

THE MINISTRY OF LOVE.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

There is a silent ministry
  That knows no right of book or bell,
That eyes divine alone can see,
  And heaven's own language only tell.

It has no altars and no fane,
  No waiting crowd, no tuneful choir;
It serves from beds of speechless pain,
  From lips that anguish brands with fire.

From homes of want and loss and woe
  Its worship rises up to Him
Who hears those accents, faint and low,
  Through the loud praise of cherubim;

The dauntless heart, the patient soul,
  That faces life's severest stress
With smiling front and stern control,
  Intent its suffering kin to bless;

The meek, who gather every hour,
  From brier and thorn and wayside tree.
Their largesse scant of fruit or flower,
  The harvest of humility.

The tempered will that bows to God,
  And knows Him good though tempests lower:
That owns the judgments of His rod
  Are but the hidings of His power;

That sees the sun behind the cloud,
  Intent to labour, pray, and wait,
Whatever winds blow low or loud,
  Sure of the harbour, soon or late;

Like the small blossoms by the way,
  Enduring cold, enjoying sun,
In rain, or snow, or sprinkling spray,
  Cheerful till all their life is done—

Dear, homely ministers of love,
  Used and forgot, like light and air,
Ah, when we reach that life above
  They will be stately seraphs there!

HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION.

SHOEMAKER BY THE GRACE OF GOD.

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D.D.

II.

FEW DUTIES, MANY PRIVILEGES.

It was Blue Monday with John Jessig. In the vocabulary of the sensitive clergyman these are the two most appalling words. John had slept restlessly the night before, and in his troubled dreams a frightful hobgoblin had appeared, holding in his hands a sermon of Sunday morning, and laughing contemptuously as he shook it in the trembling parson's face. "Is that the best you can do?" asked the spirit derisively. "Were you educated through long years and at great expense to produce such a flimsy, sleepy apology of a sermon as that?"

Then the scene suddenly changed, and John saw a little knot of his parishioners at the church door indulging in criticisms under their breath, which were far more candid than agreeable. Their words were as indistinct as the far-away echo of muttering thunder, but his heart sank as he came down the aisle.

When he rose from unrestful slumber, it was with the depressing conviction that he was never intended for the pulpit, that the genius of the preacher was wholly lacking, and that the sooner he gave up his profession and made room for a more acceptable pastor, the better for himself and for every one concerned.

I suppose all ministers have such dreams at times, and take a lonely tramp through the valley of humiliation on a Monday morning. It is the one day of the week to be dreaded—an ordeal for body and soul alike. If they can manage to pull through the heavy hours till the stars come out on Monday night, they can face the other days with cheerful resignation; but Monday is the period of intellectual and spiritual reaction, and its twelve hours are twelve taunting ghouls. The bow has been bent until everything is taut and ready to snap; the brain has been in a whirl of excitement; the heart has been on fire, and the lassitude which follows is almost hopeless in character. The minister finds himself in a state of partial collapse, is haunted by the thought that he ought never to write another sermon, that he has made the fatal mistake of a lifetime, that he is like a fisherman whose net is full of great rents through which the fish escape, that he is bungling the work of the Lord, and is unworthy of the commission he has received.

Mary Jessig was a true helpmate. She knew that John's suffering was the consequence of overwrought nerves, and that a brisk walk in the country air would set him right again. She had prepared an appetizing breakfast, and while the good man at the other side of the table was buttering a roll, and looking downcast and weary, cautiously and tactfully suggested that the sermon was a good deal better than he thought it. She had overheard Deacon Eastwind, who was by no means given to flattery—John must admit that—say to his neighbour that it was worth tackling up his horse and driving ten miles to hear. Such a wife is a friend in need, and as John was hungry for some sort of commendation, he looked relieved and faintly smiled.

Nobody knows or can know

how much a word of good cheer is worth to the man who occupies the pulpit. He is always distrustful of himself, and seldom sees whether the Gospel shots he is firing hit the mark or not. Unless the people who stand near the target, or, better still, the people who are themselves the target, tell him that his marksmanship is good, how can he find it out? Nothing so wrenches a minister's emotions as to see the congregation, which has perhaps listened respectfully to his words, file silently out of church with the apparent intention of avoiding the preacher, because they don't want to hurt his feelings by expressing their real opinions. Its effect on the clerical mind is like that of an extinguisher on a candle.

If the people would take some pains to recognize the work of their pastor, would linger long enough to take him by the hand in friendly greeting, they would thereby insure more effective sermons; for, after all, the preacher must not only minister to his congregation, but be ministered to by them. Good preaching is always an act of reciprocity. It consists of giving the people the food which they have shown a desire for. "I like what you said," remarks some poor soul that is wandering in darkness, and at once the minister puts another loaf of the same kind into the oven. If the people's attitude, instead of being indifferent, is one of friendly interest, the pastor catches the magnetic influence, and is borne upward as on the wings of an eagle. He outdoes himself in teaching when they outdo themselves in listening.

I used to tell my own people when they chanced to praise my sermon, that they preached it, not I. No man can help being eloquent, in its best sense, when the people's hearts as well as their ears are open. If he loves them, and they love him, it is easy for all to love the Lord. There is nothing so suggestive to the speaker as the upturned faces in the pews. Many and many a time I have left my notes and followed the mood of some man or woman, applying the text to what was evidently his or her condition of mind. In that way my own soul went out in sympathy to that other soul, and we two travelled in confidential company until the Doxology was announced. I say, therefore, without hesitation, that congregations are responsible for the majority of poor sermons with which they are afflicted. If the minister is apart from them he becomes dull and perfunctory; if they are a part of the minister, and give him the stimulus of a kind word, he becomes earnest, pointed, and pungent.

John Jessig wandered into Hiram's little shop on that Monday morning. The shoemaker had heard him preach the day before, and would doubtless have something to say.

"No, I can't talk with you now," said Hiram cheerfully, "but I'll get through with this job in half an hour. You see, parson," and he held the shoe up for John to inspect, "that's a very bad rip, and the poor woman who wears that shoe can't afford to buy another pair jest yet. It's pretty close business with her to make two ends meet. I shall find some way to patch the thing up, but I've got to put my whole mind to it. Now look here, parson, I'll tell you what to do. Jest go over the way to Jane Jenks, and have a chat with her. She's a right up-and-down Christian, is that woman. She's got religion enough to do housework with, and look after her children. It takes a good deal to do that, parson," and he looked through the dingy win-

dow to the cottage of his neighbour. "You know what's happened, don't you?"

"No, Hiram, I do not. Is it anything serious?"

"Yes, I'm afeared so. Reuben got a bad tumble last Friday, and they say two of his ribs is broke. I reckon you don't know how awfully poor they are, but you ought to. Reuben has had a run of bad luck lately, and his faith is mightily shaken by it. I guess he's a good deal like a drownin' man who can't see no help, and don't know whether it'll pay to hang on to the timber any longer. Jane was cryin' pretty bad when I saw her yesterday afternoon, but the basket of potatoes and the piece of pork cheered her up considerable. They hain't got any too much in the larder, and if we are reely children of one family, the sooner we stand by them folks the better. Now, excuse me, parson, for this shoe is the tormentinest puzzle I've had in a long while. Come back in half an hour, for I've got somethin' partic'lar to say."

"About the sermon, Hiram?"

"Yes, about the sermon."

"You—you didn't quite agree with me, then?"

"You're mistook for once, parson. It was a grand sermon, a noble and sustainin' sermon, and I want you to preach another like it, only stronger. That's the right nail, but you've got to drive it home. There, don't keep me from my work."

John's heart was in his mouth, He came very near laughing as he crossed the road. His spirits rose, his eyes brightened, and when he knocked at the Jenk's cottage he was a boy again. "Perhaps I am some good, after all," he said to himself.

He was only a shoemaker who had talked to the minister? No, it was a human soul that cheerily greeted another soul, and that is a very different matter.

John did not want to be flattered, only encouraged. Flattery is counterfeit coin, and no true minister will tolerate it for an instant. Kindly words, however, go a great way, and the average minister gets altogether too few of them.

"Now then, parson," said Hiram when the minister reappeared, "I've finished that bit of work, and am at your service. You were quite right in askin' if I wanted to talk about that sermon. I'm glad of the chance to do it."

John was gratified, and full of pleasant expectancy.

"Let me see," said Hiram, "you was tellin' about duties and privileges. I came near shoutin', parson, when you said that—how did you put it?—that our privileges as Christians is about ten times as many as our duties. Didn't you say that, or pretty nigh that?"

John nodded.

"Good. You pulled the right bell-rope that time. There's lots of people, parson, and good people, too, who are everlastin'ly talkin' about duty, duty, duty. I'm tired of the subject. If you can once fill a man's heart with love, the duties disappear. He hain't got nothin' left but privileges."

"You must be careful not to overstate that matter, Hiram," suggested John. "There are duties, plenty of them."

"Name one, parson."

"Well, isn't it our duty to love our neighbour as ourself?"

"No, parson, it ain't; not by no means. I can't possibly love my neighbour as myself if I do it as a duty, because I don't love myself as a duty, do I? Duty and love is a badly matched double team, and don't pull well together in harness. They are like Peter Johnson's sorrel and chestnut. The chestnut wants to prance all the time, and the sorrel is sober

and melancholy. They stand out aginst each other, and neither can know what he can do best, because the other interferes. The Christian ought to be in sech a frame of mind that he will love his neighbour jest as he loves his brother and sister, and for the same reason, only it's a spiritual instead of a blood relation.

"If I see a forlorn creature who has wasted his life, do I pity him as a matter of duty? Oh, no. I couldn't do anythin' else but pity him. It's the natur of a soul that's born again. I know God pities him, and I can't help doin' the same. I'm sorry he's gone astray, and am sure he isn't havin' a good time. He's got hold of life at the wrong end. 'Taint for me to say what drove him to the bad, but since he's there, my heart goes out to him. I'm right in the midst of a whole lot of privileges when I feel that way. I think to myself, 'How good God must be to care for that ragged and unwashed soul! What a blessed thing it is that he asks me to jine in with Him in the work, and do what I can to lift that man out of the mire. God and me in partnership for the redemption of mankind!' Why, sech a thought is a revelation! Seems as though I had been introduced to the angelic host, and they was sayin', 'Hiram, here's a bad job, but the man's worth savin', and perhaps if you help us we'll get him on solid ground.' Isn't that wonderful? I tell you, parson, it ain't no mere duty to do a day's work of that kind, with the Lord God on your right hand; it's one of the transfigurin' privileges of life."

"Let me remind you, Hiram, that I referred to that matter in my sermon. I said that to love God is not to be classed among our duties."

"Yes, and my heart warmed to you, parson. That song ought to be sung on the hill-tops. A man must be a wretched sort of creeter whose love for his own Father is an act of duty. 'Twasn't so with Christ, and it ought not to be so with us. When I gave Jack, the errand-boy, a slice of frosted cake the other day—it was Marthy's baking—you should have seen his face. He hadn't had no sech piece of cake for a month, perhaps. He just glowed with happiness. Was it from any poor, little, miserable sense of duty that he looked up at me and said, 'Thank you, Mr. Golf'? No more'n it was a sense of duty that made him enjoy eatin' it. He ate it because he liked it, and that 'thank you' tumbled from his lips as naterally as the rain falls.

"Now then, I am indebted to God for all I have here, and for all I expect in the hereafter. He must give me these things, or I shall never get 'em. No money can buy 'em, and if it could, I haven't got the money. So there I am. He sent his Son to teach me how to live and tell me how to die. He is with me when it's dark and the stars are all shut out, and then, havin' allowed me to be in His company for fifty years, tells me he wants me to live with him forever. After that, and with them facts starin' me in the face, do you ask me to love and trust Him from a sense of duty? Am I worse than the errand-boy, that I can't say 'thank you' right out of my heart? Why, parson, it would be an insult to my soul to preach sech a doctrine to me. I brush duty aside, as havin' nothin' to do with the matter, and count it a mighty privilege to go through life with my poor tremblin' hand in His."

John looked at the shoemaker with an approving glance, and he went on:

"Now, there's my Marthy—she's layin' the table for dinner. That

dear woman has cheered and blessed my life. Jest see that face, parson! It's old and it's wrinkled; but she's always young and beautiful to me. Now, then parson, the man who has sech a wife as that—well, there ain't no use talkin', for words can't tell the story. She's gone uphill and downhill with me since I was twenty-three year old, and we've had to travel over some ruther rugged ground. Does any one say that my lovin' Marthy is a duty? Nonsense! I won't listen to it. Is it my duty—most intolerable word!—to sacrifice my comfort for her when she's sick, and spend whole nights watchin' at her side and prayin' that she will get well? Duty, parson? I can't help it. It's my greatest pleasure, and I couldn't drag myself away at such a time. It ain't no hardship to go hungry or to get tired for her sake, if I can only see the light returnin' to them eyes, and the smile comin' back after days of sufferin'.

"To my mind, religion is jest like the sunshine that ripens the corn. A man can find all he wants in religion, and he can't find it nowhere else.

"But see! Marthy is callin' us, and the dinner is ready. We haven't much to offer, but if your appetite is whetted by this keen air we'll enjoy what there is. Parson, will you ask a blessin'?"

CHEER AND THE RESPONSE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

CHEER.

"Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Why so cast down, when thou knowest Me near thee?
Is not My presence sufficient to cheer thee?
Strength in thy weakness, and Comfort for sadness,—
Power is in Me to turn mourning to gladness:
Rise, drooping heart, for, by night and by day,
Lo! I am with thee, am with thee alway.

Patient endure them, these griefs and restrictions,
I am afflicted in all thy afflictions;
Surely thou art not unwilling to bear them,
Since I am here, and do lovingly share them?
Patient! O patient! through darkness and day
Close by thy side I will fail not to stay.

Look onward! look up! here are joys set before thee!
Light is beyond the dark clouds that hang o'er thee!
Let hope with thy patience be sweetly combining
To drive from thy soul every thought of repining:
Soon shall around thee shine heaven's bright day—
And thou shalt be with Me, be with Me for aye.

TORONTO.

RESPONSE.

I will, I will be patient, Lord,
So Thou but grant Thine aid;
How can I murmur while I feel
Thine arms beneath me laid?
How can I fret when Thou art nigh
To bid repinings cease,
And whisper to my troubled soul
Thy sweet, sweet words of peace?

Shall I not e'en with thankfulness
Endure this sad unrest,
Since Thou dost let me lean my head
Upon Thy gentle breast;
And since I never should have known,
But for these days of pain,
How tender and how strong Thou art,
To comfort and sustain?

I will, I will be patient, Lord,
Yea, even joy to bear
The weary hours, on earth below,
Which Thou with me wilt share—
Till the blest time when, folded in
Thine arms of might and love,
With Thee my happy soul shall rise
To the glad world above.

"A MAN FOR A' THAT."

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW.

"Wud yer riv'rince come an' see a mon what's dyin' ?"

The speaker, who had come to the basement door of a city minister's house, was one of the worst bedraggled women off Blackwell's Island. Her voice was as husky and weak in tone as it was strong with the smell of whiskey. Her face was a cold and villainous one —only that at first glance; but a second discovered the slightest trace of anxiety, just enough to suggest that her woman's nature was not entirely burned out, and that some sparks of sympathy, maybe of love, for somebody, still glowed among its ashes. Her address led into a section of the city which is almost as complete terra incognita to our worthy and even philanthropic metropolitans, as is the land of King Mtesa. In the back basement of a filthy tenement house, the old hag, who had preceded the visitor, welcomed him to what only the evident fact would warrant calling a human habitation. What had once been a kitchen pantry was now converted into a chamber, where there lay a man, about sixty years of age, of hard, yet rather intelligent, countenance, and the shrunken remnant of a once powerful body. Starvation was evidently accelerating the work of hasty consumption.

An inquiry if he had no friends brought the response,

"Plinties on 'em whin ye can go till 'em, an' there's a bit in yer pocky for a drink. All the b'ys longshore knows ole John; but missin's not mindin', an' no one but yersil' an' the ole woman's acrost the doorsill for four days an' nights. They says till thimsil's, 'May's how the ole cove's shipped ag'in, 'though it's knowin' they are that me hulk's aground agin the graveyard."

Daily visits to him while he "kept afloat" and the little comforts which were brought him, soon established the utmost familiarity between John and "his riv'rince." Perhaps both felt that the difference was slight between the real humanity which buttoned itself in broadcloth and that which was wrapped in the pauper's blanket.

Of his early life John could give no clear account. Of his ancestors he said: "They niver took no 'sponsibility for me, an' I niver felt no 'sponsibility for askin' afther thim." To the best of his belief, in his voyage into this world, he "made port" in England. Being fit for nothing on land, he took to the sea. For nearly half a century he had drifted about the world, seeing only the lowest forms of civilization, among that morally amphibious population along the wharves of seaports, which may be said to live half the time in this world and half in hell. Ship law, under shadow of the yard-arm and cat-o'-nine-tails, was his highest code of morals, and dread of death his highest attainment in religion.

He knew almost nothing of the doctrines of the Bible, and said, honestly, "I'm no praste's mon, an' no Protistant naither—I'm jist a poor soul what's a-dying'."

John's interest in "the Book" was first caught by the reading of David's description of a storm at sea.

"The man what wrote that, sir, foller'd the sea. Was he a captin?"

Upon being assured that the Psalmist was first a shepherd boy, then a soldier and a king, but never a sailor, he declared, "Ah !

mister, yer much larnin' decaives ye: for ye see there's ividence in's manner o' spaich that 'im what wrote it was a sailor lad, or may's like a 'venturer on the wather. Now list! 'Their soul's milted because o' trouble.' It's it 'zactly. I'se niver frighted in the storm; but me soul's jist milted mony's the time. 'At their wit's ind!' an' Cry till the Loard!' Ye see, mister, I didn't know nothin' 'bout the Loard, an' av' tol' 'im to damn me oftin, because I didn' b'laive ther' was ony Loard. But when the soul's milted ye 'opes as 'ow ther' may be a Loard lookin' after yez in the storm, but not thinkin' it worth's while to a-follerin' o' ye whin yez only foolin' an' profanin', an' don't mane what yez sayin', but only askin' o' 'im to damn yez playful-like."

From that time David was treated with all the confidence of an intimate friend by John, who was ready to hear what the "seafarin' king" had to say.

Another biblical acquaintance was introduced to the sick man in a similar manner by the reading of the story of St. Paul's shipwreck. It happened that John had often "fared 'long" that same north coast of the Mediterranean, and been "driven up and down in Adria." Once he had expected the ship to go to pieces at the base of the Taurus.

"We driv through the blackness, an' the white foam was like divil's fingers a-reachin' out o' it; divils a-roarin' in the timpist an' a-scraichin' in the riggin'; but there must ha' bin a hangel somewhere, for in the mornin' the ship stood as livil as the risin' sunbame. But, mister, me ole craft's goin' down this time. An' was ye arnist when ye said a hangel would git on board o' me now likes? Loard o' mercy, sind th' hangel, for John's at 's wits' ind!"

After this he was always anxious to "hear a bit o' what said the lad what saved the ship," meaning St. Paul.

In response to the reading, "Not one doeth good, no, not one," he confessed that he had been a bad man.

"But why's the not, sir? Ye can't make posies grow in ship's ballust, an' sailor lads ain't saints nat'ral like. But, mister, I'll no bemane mesil' before ye, for though I'm no good un, it's honest I am whin I testifies till ye that John niver sthiffened nobody what wasn't worser nor 'im, 'cept's maybe whin the shore-grog was in."

But John could not feel self-complacent. "D'ye know what troubles me? It's a-thinkin' of that sailor king and t'other lad, as clane souls in this wicked worl' as yon sun-peep on the dirty floor, an' the one o' 'em a-sayin', 'Me sin's iver afore me,' an' t'other sayin', 'I'm no more clane nor a dead corpus, than a body o' death;' an' all acause them gem'men had seen like it was the face o' God! an' maybes how I'll see the face o' God, too! an' maybes how He's a-lookin' at me now, an' a-readin' me log, an' a-taking off me flesh, so's to git a look clane through me soul."

The visitor quoted the Bible promises of forgiveness to such as are sorry for, and confess their sins.

"Sorry for 'em! But divil was I sorry for 'em when I did 'em, an' I feel kind o' mane to say as how's I'm sorry for 'em now, when I can't do 'em no more. Mayhap, mister, if that in the bottle there 'ud make me stout an' handy the morrow, I'd no be sorry for 'em. An' don't the Loard know that John don't know hissil' when he says as how's he's sorry? O Loard! is it sorry, or feard I am? An' confess 'em? How 'ud that diffrince the Almighty? He knows 'em allriddy. Doesn't Davy say he did 'em 'in Thy sight'? Ay,

ay, sir. He saw 'em plainer nor I did mesil'. An' whyfore confess 'em? 'Twould be like sinnin' 'em over agin to tell 'em. I'll no confess 'em, the dirty, bloody things! I'll no think o' 'em. But what's it I'm sayin'? I'll no think o' 'em? Alack! they think thimsil's into me. They're likes to the crew o' dead men, with dead faces a-starin' out o' the riggin', an' up from the hatches, an' a-blinkin' in the shiplights, an' a-moanin' down in th' hold—allers there!

"I don't mind a confession till ye, yer riv'rince, for though yer a 'oly perfishon, ye's got, maybe, a sin o' yer own, an' wadn't be too hard-thoughted on a sailor lad. Oh, it's a long wake o' sins John's got behin' 'im, an' it don't die down like, but stays there a-markin' me cruise. I can see it (mapping it with his finger pointing to the walls) like a great white sarpint, lyin' across both the great seas, an' kinkin' itsil' up into ivery port I iver dropped anchor in. An' th' Loard's a-lookin' at it too. Ye says th' Loard will forgie me? Na! na! It's not raison He will. Isn't th' Loard juster nor me? But I'm no so bad a mon as iver to forgie mesil', an' how's th' Loard o' goodniss goin' to forgie Jonn? I thank yer riv'rince for yer intintion to coomfort a poor felly, but ye can't be manin' it; it's not raison-like."

An explanation of the doctrine of salvation through Christ, ending with a quotation from the Psalm, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us," brought David into temporary disrepute with the sick man. "But that sailor king was no' much of a sailor. He niver wint aroun' the 'arth, or he'd niver said nothin' 'bout the far o' th' aste an' th' wist. Ye cud no measure th' far that's betwixt 'em wi' all th' longitudes, than y'd fathom th' ocean dipth wi' th' log-line."

The next day, however, he accosted his visitor with—"I've thought all th' night 'bout th' aste an' the wist. That Davy was a mighty navigator, sure. I axes pardon for suspicionin' 'im. An' thim words o' his has sailed all 'roun' me soul. Let me 'splain till yez the aste an' wist. D'ye list? Th' fastest ship what iver cut water, crowdin' her sails wi' harricane abame, or wi' stame or the divil in her biler, startin' in th' aste 'ud niver come till th' wist. Th' wist's a 'orizon what's allers a recadin' an' recadin' as ye goes afther it.

"Now list till I makes known till yez Captain Davy, his manin'. John's sins is like th' wist, all a-flamin' rid, as whin sun's goin' down, scarlet like as ye rid yisterday; an' John's th' ship a-drivin' afther 'em with 's conscience a-thumpin' an' all his soul a-creakin'; but th' Loard o' mercy's is a-drivin' 'em away! an' by'n by he'll plump 'em down out o' John's sight foriver an' iver. I think, mister, as how's it was th' hangel told me that manin' last night, whin th' ole woman was sleepin', an' th' ile was gone; for it seemed day like, an' th' quiet, wi' not a rat a-gnawin', was spacheful like. Maybe I dramed it. But mightn't dyin' be dramin'? Now, yer riv'rince, ony time ye sees I'm unaisy an' frighted, jist say till me, 'Aste an' wist! John, aste an' wist!' For sometimes thim sins comes a-rushin' on me like seas astern, an' I'm hanchored like wi' me bad feelin' an' can't ride 'em, an', as th' captin says, 'All th' billows goes over me.' Then I thinks, 'Taint seas like, John; it's aste an' wist like!' an' I falls to dramin' agin."

John had still a great trouble. He could not overcome the natural shrinking from death.

I talked to him of the resurrec-

tion, and reminded him of the promise in the Book of Revelation: "I will write upon him my new name." And "His (God's) name shall be in their foreheads."

John's face emerged from the blankets: "Say that agin, mister." And, after a moment's pause: "Wud ye mind haulin' through that agin?"

In a few moments the man came out of his rhapsody, and in a voice which itself told of the elation of his thoughts: "I'm goin', thin, intil the nixt worl' like's a new-born babby; an' God He's me father; an' He'll christen me wi' a new name, an' He'll name me afther Hissil' jist as if I'd niver lived afore; an' naither th' saints nor divils 'll know nothin' o' ole John an' his sins."

He raised himself with the remnant of his fast-failing strength, and, lifting both arms, cried out, as if passing into the vision, "Oh, but that's glorious! that's glorious! I thank me God!" and fell back upon the pillow in utter exhaustion.

The next day I was met at the street-door by some wretched women, who said: "You've no need to go there agin, sir. He's dead." Entering the little back basement, there lay the lifeless form on the floor, a pool of blood at the mouth, and the miserable hag he had called his wife dead drunk across the body.

That night, however, when the visitor called, he found the room filled with a wild, drunken crew of women and men, who, with the instinct of ravens, had found the dead body, and were preparing to "wake the corpse." In one corner sat "the widow," sufficiently recovered from her drunken stupor to croon her maudlin grief and snarl and snap at the men who, under pretence of giving John a "dacint sind off," were robbing her of the bits of silver which the clergyman had given her husband. The police were summoned. The dead body and its living relic were protected during the night from the attack of these ghouls.

The day following, I was waited upon by a rough, but rather fine-featured man, who stood awkwardly clutching his hat with both hands, and making obeisances sufficient to have sustained the dignity of an ambassador of the Sultan. Finally, straightening himself, he said: "Be you's the clergy what knowed John—?" On being assured affirmatively, the visitor announced:

"I'm appointed, yer riv'rince, to inform yer riv'rince that we's goin' to pervide him what's gone with a fuss-class fun'ral; and wud yer riv'rince boss the 'casion?

"We's the b'ys, some from ship and some from 'longshore, what used to see John after the consumption struck 'im, an' he couldn't go no more to mast nor roll a bar'l on dock. An' when we missed 'im, we kind o' thought what had come till 'im. So we jist chipped in a quarter or a tenpence, everybody what knowed the old cove, an' we dragged for 'im till we got 'im last night.

"Ye needn't have no manner o' fear about th' fun'ral, boss! beg pardin', yer riv'rince! We b'lieves in stickin' to a cove till he's planted hansom'. Once knowed niver forgot till 's name 's scratched on th' stun'! that's our feelin'. Got a coffin stained like 'hogany, wi' white nails on't, an' a door-plate wi's name as near's we know'd it, to sort o' interdoosh 'im. Don't b'lieve in a feller goin' in wi' th' speerits 's if h' was no better nor a foundlin'. Fly yer flag, ole feller, as ye sails into port o' hivin or t'other place! we all says 'bout John. We's goin' to have a fuss-class hearse, unless it goes back on us; for the coffin man said he didn't want his 'stablishment stan'in' 'round thim slums; an' a carridge for the widdy an' you an'

me; an' all the b'ys is a-comin', bein' Sunday; an' ole John's goin' to have sich a sind-off to 'im that I hopes he'll git so good a reciption where he's goin' to.

"Give us your grip on it, yer riv'rince. It shall be a clane fun'ral, or, bedad, we'll bury more'n old John."

At the time appointed, the little room was packed with humanity, exhumed from the lower strata of society. There were rum-sodden old men, and devil-may-care young men, and here and there the frowzy head of an unsexed woman. No hat was removed. Every mouth held its pipe or cigar-stump, and through the thick smoke one could discern the shape of the coffin, and through the din of voices catch the drunken wail of the chief and only mourner.

"B'ys, the clargy's come!" announced the caller of the morning. "Tak' off yer hats and douse yer tabakkay!" The last order met with general disapprobation, expressed in such terms as, "Th' clargy 'll no care!" "John 'll no smell it!" An ominous show of shirt-sleeves on the part of the leader, and the injunction, "Obsarve th' civil'ties!" from some of the most venerable ones, were, however, effective, and the meeting was soon reduced to a degree of order. Elbowing and ankling my way to the head of the coffin, I read a few verses of Scripture, with the accompaniment of such Selahs as—

"Stop yer scrougin'!"

"Wad yez tip the corpus?"

"Na, be aisy in prisince o' the dead."

"I'll put yez in wi' John, if ye na mind yersil'."

"Riv'rince the clargy!"

With the first lull, I began.

"My friends, we have—"

At which point a serious-faced old soaker said: "Wud yer riv'rince 'low a sintimint? As ye said, we's frinds, frinds togither, an' John's frinds. The clargy's right."

"We know'd 'im, though. Sivinteen year wi' 'im on shipboard, an' niver out o' me eye since was John."

"We know'd 'im," chimed a dozen voices.

"Well," said I, "if you knew him so well, why did no one of you go to see him when he was sick? He told me that none of you had come to give him a kind word. It is well to bury his corpse honourably; but don't you think that it would have been better to have cared for his poor body when it could have felt your kindness?"

"But, mister, what cud wes folk be sayin' to a cove what's dyin'? We's not praste folk," said one with real honesty of face and manner.

"True," said I, "you of yourselves could tell him nothing about death and life beyond; but you could have told him you were sorry for him. You might have sat by him during some of those long nights, and helped him to a drink. And maybe his hand would not have grown cold so soon if some of you had now and then held it for him in real sympathy."

"By's," said a dilapidated creature, who tried to straighten himself against the corner so as to attract attention, "b'ys, the clargy's right. Yez orter be more shimpathitic. We's drinkt wi' John whin h' was on 's feet, an' we's orter coddled to 'im whin h' was on's back."

"Our friend who has departed," resumed the preacher, "in telling me something about his life, confessed that he had been a very sinful man, and—"

"Sinfu' is it," said one to another. "John was no sinfu'."

"But," replied the man so ad-

dressed, "John was no good. He was a hard un."

"Ay," was the rejoinder; "but a hard un is no sinfu' hypicrat. John was no sinfu' at all."

"Ay, yer riv'rince has us right. We's nane o' us good," said a rough voice, in subdued tone.

"And that is just what the Bible tells us," said the minister. "There is not one that doeth good ; no, not one."

"Is that in th' Book?" inquired one. "Bedad, but it's thrue, though it be in th' Book.'

The preacher then told the story of his various conversations with John. From boisterous thoughtlessness, the company soon passed into a serio-comic state of mind and ultimately into undoubted solemnity.

There seemed no division of sentiment, until he spoke of the "basis of salvation," when he was interrupted by—

"Will the clargy sthop a bit, an' tell us jist what is the fundament of salvation ?"

The questioner was answered from the other side of the room by a man as bristling with excitement as was his chin with a seven days' beard, who, with one hand clenched shook the forefinger of the other at his antagonist, while he shrieked, "Whist ye thar; an' doan't ye be introdooshin' yer sectional issues here. We's no praste's an' no Protistint's mating."

The prayer ended and benediction pronounced brought the minister an ovation of thanks. Scores of hard grips assured him that the service had been "a succiss." "May yer riv'rince have so foine a sind off;" and "Whin I keel up I'll sind fur ye."

The widow's gratitude was unbounded. "The angels bliss ye, and doan't forgit to lave me some siller in memory o' me husband." The leader of the party declared that the whole affair was "bully." Some said that they would not forget the good words nor the Book which had been read to them, for "we's a' have need o' 'em," and others, "Wud ye mind if I sight yez on the street?" and "If yez iver nade a frind, jist heave to an' spake us."

"His riv'rince" excused himself from riding with the "widdy" to the cemetery, though assured that it would not cost him a cent; which declaration was confirmed by a wink from the undertaker.

The minister has since sought in vain for a single soul of all that motley crowd. Only the widow has appeared frequently at the basement door, and more frequently at the police station, where she is known as the hardest case on the beat.

But John! The more he reads the Book the more the clergyman believes that he will see him again, not as "the old cove," but as a bright child spirit, "the Lord's babby;" and, perhaps, then he will sit down at this Saint John's feet, and learn from him the ways of life in that new world.

LONGING AND LISTENING.

To stretch my hand and touch Him,
Though He be far away ;
To raise my eyes and see Him
Through darkness as through day ;
To lift my voice and call Him—
This is to pray !

To feel a hand extended
By One who standeth near ;
To view the love that shineth
In eyes serene and clear ;
To know that He is calling—
This is to hear.

—*Samuel W. Duffield, D.D.*

COMPARISON OF METHODIST STANDARDS WITH OTHER CREEDS OF CHRISTENDOM.*

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.,

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

In the following comparison, agreement when stated cannot be regarded as absolute, as there are divergences on minor points, not materially, however, disturbing the consensus. Moreover, the attitude of a Church, as indicated by its Standards, must sometimes be taken to be considerably modified by the views of influential individuals or parties, still in communion with the Church. Further, the Standards themselves do not always agree. This is especially true of the Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches. The Methodist and Presbyterian Churches respectively show the greatest doctrinal homogeneity of all the leading denominations.

Agreement and difference in the doctrines indicated are as follows:

1. *Inspiration and Authority of the Holy Scriptures.*

All agree, it being understood that in the Greek and Latin Churches tradition is co-ordinate in authority with the Bible.

2. *Unity of God.*

All agree.

3. *The Trinity.*

All agree.

4. *Creation.*

All agree.

5. *Providence.*

All agree, Calvinists emphasizing Divine sovereignty more than others.

6. *Fall and Depravity of Man.*

All agree.

7. *Atonement by the Sacrifice of Christ.*

All agree.

8. *Extent of the Atonement.*

Methodism agrees with the Greek Church, with the larger part of the Latin and of the Anglican Churches, in general with the Lutherans and the Congregationalists, with the free-will Baptists and the Cumberland Presbyterians—in all, with more than three-fourths of Christendom.

9. *Faith.*

All agree, it being understood that the doctrine is supplemented in the Latin Church by the doctrine of merit of works.

"No creed contains the whole truth. It is given to different branches of the Catholic Church to bear testimony to different truths as it is to develop different types of Christian life. It is not claimed by any Protestant Church that in creed it is inerrant. At best its creed is presumably an honest attempt to condense into symbolic form such truths as it feels called upon to emphasize. Naturally the aim is to condense the most truth into smallest compass. On the whole, however, the briefest creeds have occasioned the most dissension. It has often been the case that the briefer the form the more uncertain has been its meaning. This is owing to the faltering weakness and inadequacy of language. The whole period of creed formation, from the Augsburgh Confession, 1530, to the Westminster Confession, 1647, inclusive—an age most prolific in creeds—is a running commentary on these statements.

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* We print by the author's permission, the accompanying discussion of this important subject, from Dr. Shaw's admirable "Digest of the Doctrinal Standards of the Methodist Church." Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 8vo Price, $1.00.

Dr. Shaw's method is to set forth the doctrinal standards of the Methodist Church as contained in the Twenty-Five Articles of Religion, of Wesley's Notes on the New Testament and his first Fifty-Two Sermons.

In his valuable Introduction to his volume Dr. Shaw well remarks: "Some sort of creed is essential to every religion or ecclesiastical organization. . . Harmony with principles held in common is essential to all organization. There is, therefore, no need of apologizing for creeds. They are a simple and palpable necessity.

10. *Repentance.*

All agree, except for the limited influence of Antinomianism in Protestantism and for the association of penance with merit of works in the Latin Church.

11. *Good Works.*

Methodism, Romanism and Calvinism on this subject are at three points of a triangle, Calvinism lowering the significance of good works not in Christian life but in relation to Justification, Methodism emphasizing this importance, and Romanism differing further in attaching expiatory merit to good works.

12. *Regeneration.*

All agree, except where Prelatical Churches and High Church Lutherans teach Baptismal Regeneration.

13. *Justification.*

All Protestants agree. The Latin and Greek Churches make Justification subjectively to be identical with Sanctification.

14. *Entire Sanctification.*

Methodist Standards are alone in the sense that their teachings are not presented in any other creed. The doctrine, however, has been held in varied form by representative theologians in all ages of the Church.

15. *Witness of the Spirit.*

Methodist Standards are alone with modification above stated, a marked approximation to the Methodist view, however, characterizing the doctrine of Assurance in the Reformed Churches.

16. *The Church.*

All non-Prelatical Churches are agreed as to its comprehensiveness.

17. *The Ministry.*

All non-Prelatical Churches are agreed in rejecting Apostolical Succession and in maintaining the unity of Clerical Order.

18. *The Eucharist.*

Methodism agrees with the Reformed Churches, including the Anglican, in accepting the Calvinistic doctrine. It rejects the Zwinglian view of the Eucharist being simply a memorial service, and the Lutheran view of Consubstantiation, and the view of Transubstantiation found in the Latin and Greek Churches, and to a large extent, though inconsistently, in the Anglican Church.

19. *Baptism.*

Methodism agrees with all the Reformed Churches, except with the Baptist, as to mode and subjects.

20. *The Sabbath.*

All agree, so far as the doctrine has been formulated.

21. *The Post-millennial Advent of Christ.*

All agree, it being understood, however, that Pre-millennial Adventism is making some advance in the Presbyterian Church and more among Low Church Anglicans, and that it has taken organic form in the Adventist Church of the United States.

22. *General Resurrection.*

All agree.

23. *General Judgment.*

All agree.

24. *Hades.*

All agree, except that the Calvinistic Churches studiously ignore the doctrine, probably because of what is deemed a

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"It is sometimes said in pleasantry that the Methodists have the longest creed in Christendom, in the Sermons, Notes and Articles hereafter analyzed. There are certainly some advantages in such a mode of declaring our faith. First, it is more easily understood, because of explicit statement; and second, it is more free from shibboleths, and is not so likely to create a blind, narrow prejudice for a human form of words. The meaning is explained rather than condensed. The Standards under consideration, it is to be remembered, are of authority only for the ministry. A member's relation to the Church is determined only by spiritual life and by character. As to creed, he may be a Calvinist or a Baptist or a Pre-Millennial Adventist without imperilling his membership. But for agreement of faith on the part of the ministry these Standards are authorized.

"It should be observed that in no Protestant Church are creeds exalted above the Holy Scriptures, or even made co-ordinate with the Scriptures. The Word of God is supreme. There is much force in the position of Rev. Dr. Briggs, in his defence before the Presbytery of New York, that if his views can be shown to be scriptural, even though conflicting with the Westminster Confession, they must be accepted by the Presbyterian Church, inasmuch as in that case, though opposing one part of the Confession, still 'they must be received, because the Scriptures are the Word of God.' (Conf. C. 1, iv.) So we say that if a doctrine be scriptural, it must be Methodist, for according to our Standards the Bible is the sole rule of faith and practice."

perversion of it by the accretion of the doctrine of Purgatory, and except that in the Latin Church, and in a less materialistic form in the Greek Church, the doctrine of Purgatory is maintained.

25. *Hell.*

All agree, divergences as to continuance of retribution characterizing individuals, and not creeds.

26. *Heaven.*

All agree.

It thus appears that, taking the above syllabus of twenty-six doctrines, they may approximately be classified as follows:

In fifteen all standards are agreed, although in six of these the doctrine universally accepted is supplemented by special views.

In three, additional to the fifteen, all Protestants are agreed.

In four there is a cleavage running more or less through all Churches, especially in the case of the extent of the Atonement. Among Protestant Churches there is marked diversity as to the Eucharist, Baptism and the doctrine of good works.

In two Methodism stands alone.

To every man of a catholic spirit the above degree of consensus must be regarded as very gratifying, even after recognizing the fact that outside of this syllabus there is a considerable list of dogmas very conspicuous in Roman Catholic theology but which are rejected by Protestants as unscriptural. Such are the Mediation of Saints, the Primacy of Peter, the number of Sacraments, Prayers for the Dead, the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, and Papal Infallibility.

It must again be stated that the foregoing is only an approximate comparison. If fulness of detailed statement were given, the work would expand into more than one large volume of historical theology.

Again must the principle of catholicity be stated as presented by Wesley, that there should be charity independently of differences of opinion. Thus do we secure "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." In as many as are so disposed, even though found in different communions, is Christ's prayer already answered, "That they all may be one."

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Jesus! the very thought is sweet!
In that dear name all heart joys meet;
But sweeter than the honey, far,
The glimpses of His presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this;
No name is heard more full of bliss;
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.

Jesus! the hope of souls forlorn!
How good to them for sin that mourn!
To them that seek Thee, O how kind!
But what art Thou to them that find?

Jesus! Thou sweetness, pure and blest,
Truth's fountain, light of souls distrest,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires!

No tongue of mortal can express;
No letters write its blessedness;
Alone who hath Thee in his heart
Knows, love of Jesus, what Thou art.

I seek for Jesus in repose,
When round my heart its chambers close;
Abroad, and when I shut the door,
I long for Jesus evermore.

With many, in the morning gloom,
I seek for Jesus at the tomb;
For Him, with love's most earnest cry,
I seek with heart and not with eye.

Jesus, to God the Father gone,
Is seated on the heavenly throne;
My heart hath also passed from me,
That where He is, there *it* may be.

We follow Jesus now, and raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,
That He at last may make us meet
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.—*Amen.*

—*St. Bernard.*

JOSEPH ARCH, M.P.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BARRASS, D.D.

JOSEPH ARCH, M.P.

This distinguished man is a leader in the class of agricultural labourers of which he has been a member most of his life. To him his fellow-labourers are greatly indebted for many of the improvements which have taken place in their circumstances during the last twenty-five years.

As a class the farm labourers of England, until recently, had few educational advantages, the majority of them could neither read nor write, hence it was no wonder that they should be so easily led astray by any demagogue who might see fit to excite them to deeds of violence. Happily, largely through the influence of Methodism, a better state of things now obtains. Several of them have become able to speak fluently and write intelligently on public questions. They have asserted their manhood and will not be likely to again become vassals. They never will so long as they submit to be led by Joseph Arch.

Our hero was born in Warwickshire, in 1826. His father was a man of sturdy independence, and much of the same spirit inspired the son. During the Corn-law agitation, the landowners tried by every means to prevent the repeal of those laws, and sought by means of petitions to parliament to accomplish their purpose. All who refused to sign the petitions were counted as their enemies. Many labourers from compliance and fear attached their names, though inwardly they wished not to do so. The father of Joseph Arch was amongst the honourable few who withheld their names, and from that time forward he was a marked man to whom no favours were shown. He was a hard-working industrious man, and after labouring for fifty years he had only saved one dollar and a few cents.

When old age came upon the veteran he was compelled to ask for help, as he was both old and infirm. Joseph could not support him, and as his wife was obliged to give up an income of a few shillings per week to attend to the sick father, he went to the Board of Guardians and said, "I do not want you to support my father, but if you will give my wife one shilling and sixpence—thirty-six cents—per week for nursing him I shall be glad, though it will not make up for the loss of her earnings." The guardians refused, and told him that his father might go into the workhouse and he would have to pay one shilling and sixpense for his support. Arch bade the *humane* men good morning, and said his father should die under a hedge before he would allow him to be an inmate of the British Bastile, the hated workhouse.

Like most men who have attained distinction, Joseph Arch is largely indebted to his mother, who taught him both to read and write before he was six years of age, after which he attended the village school for two years, and then went to work in the fields for fourpence per day. He gradually rose until he became a labourer, when he earned the highest wages, eleven shillings per week.

When about twenty he married. His wife, though possessed of good intellectual gifts, had not been favoured with such an education as he had enjoyed.

In their early married life Mr. and Mrs. Arch were very poor farm labourers, earning between $2.50 and $4.00 per week. Being a Methodist local preacher his labours took him from place to place, and as he travelled he became deeply impressed with the degraded condition of the people of his class. His preaching efforts developed his own mind, and in the course of time he began to agitate for an improved condition of the farm labourers. This finally resulted in the organization of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, one of the very strongest labour organizations in the world. Mr. Arch, as president of this union, became one of the most influential men in England, and was finally elected to parliament, of which he is still a member. In all his work Mr. Arch found an intelligent and loyal assistant in his wife.

The association has been a great boon to the labourers, whose wages have increased in consequence at least fifteen to twenty per cent., and over 700,000 persons have been assisted to emigrate.

Joseph Arch was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus mainly through the instrumentality of the Primitive Methodists, and he was the first member of that denomination who was elected to parliament. It is said that when he began to preach his favourite books were the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. He continues to preach at every opportunity and is very popular among the labouring portion of the community. No large gathering would be considered complete if Joseph Arch was not to be one of the orators.

At the great meetings held in Hyde Park, London, he is always a conspicuous figure. One was held a few years ago when 5,000 labourers were present, who were not the least conspicuous among the thousands who were present on that occasion. But of all who addressed the multitude none commanded better attention than Joseph Arch.

"There is," says the *London Daily Graphic*, "a tinge of irony in the fate which makes Joseph Arch the parliamentary representative at once of those in the lowest as well as the highest walks of life, for the honourable member, who was at one time a famous hedger and ditcher of his county before he took to learning and championing the claims of his class, sits in parliament equally as the representative of the labourer and the Prince,—the Sandringham estates of the Prince of Wales being within his division. The introduction of the Parish Councils Bill—the creation of another very distinguished Methodist, Sir Henry Fowler—marks Mr. Joseph Arch's day of triumph. For forty years he has worked for the advancement of his class, and apparently that class is now something like a power in the land. His pride in the bill almost exceeds his pride in having the Prince of Wales as a constituent.

"The bill is a great stride in the right direction, sir"—with a slap on his knee. "It is going to revolutionize our villages; it will give England back her vanished peasantry, and add immensely to the prosperity of the country. These are surely great things to set against the loss of their influence by the squire and the parson, who have squandered away their chances of binding the labourer to their interests by assisting the farmer to grind him into the dust."

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

We are living, we are dwelling in a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling, to be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray,
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally, with your music and your wine?
Up, it is Jehovah's rally, God's own arm hath need of thine!
Hark! the onset, will ye fold your faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up O up, thou drowsy soldier! Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding; thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding, on, right onward for the right!
On! let all the soul within you for the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew tell on ages, tell for God!

—*Bishop Cox.*

A CANADIAN SINGER.*

MISS ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The refined and delicate features of this sweet singer are an index of the refinement and delicacy of her song. Miss Wetherald's poetry reminds us of a clear-cut cameo relieved in exquisite beauty against the more sombre background. For the background is somewhat sombre and a pervasive pensiveness characterizes many of the poems. They are specially marked by a deep sympathy with nature and keen interpretation of her various moods. The very first poem furnishes the key-note to the dainty volume.

" Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood ;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

. . . . . .

" Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

" Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood ;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

* *The House of the Trees and other Poems.* By ETHELWYN WETHERALD. Printed in two colours and handsomely bound in green buckram. Toronto : William Briggs, Publisher and Importer. Price, $1.00.

A pensive vein is shown in a delicate poem on " Pine Needles."

" Here where the pine tree to the ground
Lets slip its fragrant load,
My footsteps fall without a sound
Upon a velvet road.

" O poet pine, that turns thy gaze
Alone unto the sky,
How softly on earth's common ways
Thy sweet thoughts fall and lie !

" So sweet, so deep, seared by the sun,
And smitten by the rain,
They pierce the heart of every one
With fragrance keen as pain."

A more gladsome mood is that indicated in the pretty poem " To the October Wind."

" Old playmate, showering the way
With thick leaf storms in red and gold,
I'm only six years old to-day,
You 've made me feel but six years old.
In yellow gown and scarlet hood
I whirled, a leaf among the rest,
Or lay within the thinning wood,
And played that you were Red-of-breast."

The close observation and the beautiful figures of the poems, " A Midday in Midsummer," and, " A Summer Rain," strike us as very delicate and beautiful.

" The sky's great curtains downward steal,
The earth's fair company
Of trees and streams and meadows feel
A sense of privacy.

" Upon the vast expanse of heat
Light-footed breezes pace ;
To waves of gold they tread the wheat,
They lift the sunflower's face.

. . . . . .

" The weeds and grass on tiptoe stand,
A strange exultant thrill
Prepares the dazed uncertain land
For the wild tempest's will.

" The wind grows big and breathes aloud
As it runs hurrying past ;
At one sharp blow the thunder-cloud
Lets loose the furious blast.

. . . . . .

" Then comes a momentary lull,
The darkest clouds are furled,
And lo, new washed and beautiful
And breathless gleams the world."

" A drowsy rain is stealing
In slowness without stop ;

The sun-dried earth is feeling
Its coolness, drop by drop.

. . . . . .

"And sweet as the caresses
By baby fingers made,
These delicate rain kisses
On leaf and flower and blade."

The music and love of nature of the following lines have nowhere been surpassed in our Canadian verse :

"How far we roamed away from her,
The tender mother of us all ;
Yet 'mid the city's noises stir
The sound of birds that call and call,
Wind melodies that rise and fall
Along the perfumed woodland wall
We looked upon with childhood's eyes ;
The ugly streets are all a blur,
And in our hearts are homesick cries."

The pervading pensiveness becomes too poignant in the exquisite sonnet on "October."

"O warm, outspoken earth, a little space
Against thy beating heart my heart shall beat,
A little while they twain shall bleed and burn,

And then the cold touch and the gray, gray face,
The frozen pulse, the drifted winding-sheet,
And speechlessness, and the chill burial urn."

We cannot refrain from one more quotation. This, we think, is a very beautiful poem, "In the Grass."

"Face downward on the grass in reverie,
I found how cool and sweet
Are the green glooms that often thoughtlessly
I tread beneath my feet.

"And felt with thoughts I cannot understand,
And know not how to speak,
A daisy reaching up its little hand
To lay it on my cheek."

THE LESSON OF THE MOUNTAINS.*

"The interest in mountains," says our author, "is a distinct feature of modern life. It has been greatly promoted by two English writers who, beyond others, have made men feel the poetry and beauty that are associated with outward nature. Wordsworth first, and Ruskin afterward, have taught that the spirit in nature is correspondent to our emotional and thoughtful life, and that man in investing objects outside of himself with his own feelings, strikes a note that is often equivalent to a new birth. Each has strongly emphasized what the mountains have to say to us ; each has shown how they are to be approached. Wordsworth has invested them with the spirituality of a sympathetic and devout mind ; Ruskin has sought to learn from them the higher laws of art, and many lesser writers have so lived among them as to give emphasis to the lessons which they teach. They appeal neither to the lust of the eye nor to the pride of life, but to something 'that never was on sea or land,' which they constantly suggest. They impress you with 'thoughts that wake to perish never.'"

"The mountains," says Ruskin, "seem to have been built for the human race, as at once they are schools and cathedrals ; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper."

Our author approaches the study of these great mountains of God in this devout spirit. He asks, "What have the eternal hills to say to the imagination, and how do they lift us into better moods of thought and feeling?" "There is never a moment on this grand old summit in which God does not use it for impressions upon the sensitive mind and heart."

To climb one of these grand old mountains is like climbing the sides of Sinai. He who opens his soul to their influence will find himself, "after his visits to this visible throne of God, so purged of the false, the evil, the untrue and the unreal, that on his return to the world his face will be like the face of Moses on his return from Mount Horeb, radiant with the revelations which God gives through the mountains to the souls of men."

This is just the book to take for one's summer outing in the mountains. It will interpret their meaning and prove a practical guide to their exploration. It is accompanied by an excellent map, numerous engravings, table of routes and altitudes.

* *The White Mountains.* A Guide to their Interpretation. By JULIUS H. WARD. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto : William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

THE NEW HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.*

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

In a recent number we had occasion to notice the publication of the first volume of a translation of Harnack's great work on the History of Christian Dogma, by Roberts Brothers, Boston. We found there a new method of treatment of this important field of Theological Science, the great dogmas of the Church traced to their formative sources in the intellectual and spiritual forces of the age. In this treatment the great centres of interest are the important elements of our creeds, whether these were definitely formulated by ecclesiastical authority or gradually taken up by a tacit, general consent. Dr. Fisher has taken up his work on a different plan. He regards the development of the Christian Theology as a progressive and almost unbroken movement through the centuries. The great forces which produce this movement and the contributing streams which from time to time swell its current are not ignored, but they are not to him the great centre of interest. That lies in the movement itself and especially in the great master-minds who gather up into their own spiritual life, and sometimes anticipate and always express, the thought of their age. In pursuance of this plan the author avoids the merely topical division of his subject-matter or relegates it to a subordinate place. His work is thus not the history of individual doctrines, nor yet that of great dogmatic formularies, but is rather a picture of the entire movement of Christian thought from age to age in the theological field. This movement finds expression, and at the same time a living, personal interest, in the great names which successively rise before us.

Beginning with Justin Martyr and ending with great names still living, we have a continuous panorama of great thinkers and their great works and thoughts, a history of theology rather than of doctrine or dogma. Anyone familiar with the previous work of Prof. Fisher will easily anticipate our judgment that the work is well done. The field covered in these five hundred pages is a very wide one. Other writers have covered it in two or three large octavos. Discriminating summaries, accurate but epitomized statements are of course absolutely necessary in such a work as the student finds here in his hands. The author must have faced at every turn the difficult problem of combining justice and living interest with brevity. We know of no predecessor who has been as successful in this as Prof. Fisher. At every point where we have tested the work it seems to us to be remarkably clear, full, accurate, discriminating and impartial in its presentation. It would, of course, be too much to expect that any man would be equally successful in every part of so wide a field. The patristic, the scholastic, the Reformation, and the modern movements of Christian thought are each so vast in extent that a life-time might easily be spent in the perfect mastery of any one of them. And yet, in each of these periods, we find tempting examples of our author's genius for historical work. Such are the presentations of the work of Justin Martyr and of Origen of the East, and that of Augustine in the West. These presentations are not limited to one particular doctrine usually associated with these names, such as the *logos*, or the Sonship, or the Doctrine of Sin. The men rather stand before us as the embodiment of great spiritual forces in this theological movement, and we see the working of these forces in many dogmatic topics. In Justin we see the beginning of theology as a necessity of the Church's life. In Origen we see the first great attempt to make theology a universal philosophy. In Augustine we have the first application of profound psychological insight to the work of theological science. The particular opinions of each of these great men, of course, appear defective. A schoolboy of to-day may know more than did Sir Isaac Newton. But we learn to estimate the magnitude of the men and the importance of their work by the new methods and forces which they called into action. They were, in some sense, creators of movements and periods in this history.

* International Theological Library. History of Christian Doctrine. By GEORGE PARK FISHER, D.D., LL.D., Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

We should, of course, expect from Prof. Fisher peculiar success in his delineation of the theology of the Reformation. His portraiture of the work of Luther, Melancthon and Zwingle is most excellent. Of these three Luther stands out as the greatest. Beside these three, Calvin seems to occupy a little lower place, but the true character of his work is clearly grasped and presented. We have a clear, fair, but very brief epitome of the theological movement of the English Reformation. We wish for the students of the English race it were more expanded. Possibly Prof. Fisher may say to us truly, that there is not much to be said, that the English Reformation was political and religious rather than theological, and that the great problems of thought were wrought out on the Continent and merely repeated in England. This may be true, and yet we have so deep a living interest as English people in this English Reformation that we want to know just what it was theologically as well as in spiritual and political life. The Englishmen of that day certainly held, and were influenced by, their theological opinions, even if they imported them from the Continent.

To our Methodist readers the history of the great Arminian movement, both on the Continent and in England and America, is another centre of interest. As usual that interest centres around persons. James Arminius and John Wesley are the representatives of a great movement of intellectual as well as spiritual life. Turning first to Arminius we find that in our author's estimate Arminius is somewhat dwarfed by his disciples, Episcopius and Grotius, and that the Synod of Dort receives more prominence than the entire Arminian movement. When we turn to Wesley we find on the other hand that he has no competitor in the sphere of historic influence in which he moved ; and though the exposition of his theology is somewhat meagre, the tribute to his influence is strong and hearty. After summing up the peculiar Wesleyan doctrines he says : "Whatever may be thought of this combination logically considered, it constituted in the hands of the Wesleyan ministry a most effective instrument in the propagation of Christianity."

Probably the most valuable chapter in the entire work is the concluding discussion of theological tendencies in recent times. Here come before us the great Materialistic movement which is suggested by such names as Huxley and Spencer, the question of the authority of the Bible and the Higher Criticism, the growing influence of Sacramentalism, the vast decay of Calvinism, in contributing to which the Wesleyan movement receives due acknowledgment as one of the most powerful forces. Quoting from Dr. R. W. Dale, he says, "The decay of Calvinism among evangelical Nonconformists has been largely due to the influence of Methodism." He does not so fully recognize that Methodism also led the way as the Salvation Army, an offspring of Methodism, is now doing in that other field of Christian thought, the practical and ethical, which is the redeeming glory of our present-day Christianity.

MENDICANTS.

We are as mendicants who wait
  Along the roadside in the sun ;
Tatters of yesterday and shreds
  Of morrow clothe us every one.

And some are dotards, who believe
  And glory in the days of old ;
While some are dreamers, harping still
  Upon an unknown age of gold.

Hopeless or witless ! Not one heeds,
  As lavish Time comes down the way
And tosses in the suppliant hat
  One great new-minted gold to-day.

O foolish one, put by your care !
  Where wants are many, joys are few ;
And at the wilding springs of peace
  God keeps an open house for you.

But there be others, happier few,
  The care-free sons of God,
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,
  And care not how the world may plod.

They idle down the traffic lands,
  And loiter through the woods with spring ;
To them the glory of the earth
  Is but to hear a bluebird sing.

They, too, receive each one his day ;
  But their wise heart knows many things
Beyond the sating of desire,
  Above the dignity of kings.

SIN AND THE ATONEMENT.*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM I. SHAW, LL.D.,
Principal Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

How fortunate the Church whose scholars have time and opportunity for scientific research and authorship. The older Churches of Protestantism have long enjoyed this privilege. Methodism is approximating, though slowly, to this position, even in Canada with its imperious demands of practical duty, more so in the United States, and most in Great Britain. This matter is worth the serious attention of our college benefactors, so that in various departments of literature and science professors may be able to contribute to the higher work of authorship the quota justly demanded from the largest Protestant Church in Canada.

Chancellor Burwash has had during the past ten years one of the heaviest tasks and weightiest responsibilities in the educational history of Canada, in leading Victoria University into a new policy and into a new relationship surrounded with many difficulties and requiring an unlimited amount of anxious toil. We congratulate him that in addition to his most valuable "Commentary on the Romans" and minor works, he has found time amid his arduous duties to put in shape the lectures constituting his monograph just published on "Sin and the Atonement."

The first lecture is on Probation, and is confined to human conditions and destiny. "Probation is in its very nature temporary," whether it be in the case of Adam in his primitive state, or each member of the race under redemption. Sin as an act and as a state is correctly discussed with corresponding phases of the provisions of grace. We suggest care in predicating sin as a state. The author is clear enough on this point, but since Augustine error has been advanced by want of such care. The results of sin to the individual and to the race are stated with proper recognition of heredity. Conditional Immortality, Post-mortem Probation are rejected on grounds briefly but strongly stated.

The Atonement is defined as "that act or work of our Lord Jesus Christ centring in his death, whereby the forgiveness of sins is possible to God, and for man." This definition is safe, for it states results rather than mode. Still the great question, How, is not shirked and the principle is afterwards stated and vindicated that it is "in the nature of God himself, because he is holy and just he cannot forgive sins without atonement." Coming more closely to the centre of the problem, substitution is encountered and treated with vigorous severity. The views of Anselm and the Calvinists are stated and correctly condemned as implying identical equivalence in a commercial sense. The reader may, however, be unable to to follow the lecturer in those points of the able discussion in which Scripture passages generally regarded as the strongholds of vicariousness are held to have quite a different meaning, and the statement is risked that Christ suffered not the penalty of either the individual nor of the race nor an equivalent for such penalty, that the only penal suffering he endured was for himself, seeing that "in Adam all die."

While indentity of equivalence cannot be maintained, and Calvinism has exaggerated the doctrine of substitution, it may be worth enquiring, in rejecting the commercial idea of *quid pro quo*, whether the vicarious idea of *aliud pro quo* may not represent the truth. Indeed, the author reaches this position when he says: "It is not the suffering of an equivalent penalty which cancels sin, but the merit of a work of infinite moral value which at once honours God by loving obedience to the command of His love, and by laying down life at that command, honours law by meeting its every demand on Him as one with the race." This language, "the merit of a work of infinite moral value," strikes us as consonant with Scriptural vicariousness if understood in the light of the precious words, "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree," and "The chastisement of our peace was upon him."

This work contains in small compass a great deal of Christian thought and scholarship of greatest importance.

* "Sin and the Atonement," by REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D., Chancellor of Victoria University. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

Prayer moves the hand which moves the world.

Current Thought.

A Noble Philanthropy.

One of the most striking notes of modern Christianity is its practical character. George Eliot used to bring against Christianity the charge of its other-worldliness and neglect of the urgent evils of the times. This reproach, if it was ever just, has largely passed away. Throughout the long centuries what inspiration but that of the Christian religion endowed institutions of learning, reared hospitals and asylums, and succoured the sinning, the suffering, and the sorrowing?

That beautiful charity, the Fresh Air Fund, transfers, for a time at least, removes from the Arabia petrea of the city's stony streets to the Arabia felix of the country's green fields thousands of slum children and little Arabs; and great organized charities like Dr. Müller's, Dr. Barnardo's, and Dr. Stevenson's, seek the permanent transformation of the waifs and estrays of society into useful citizens.

If he is a benefactor of his race who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, how great a benefactor is he who promotes the substitution of health for sickness, and the cure of what was long thought an incurable disease. That dreadful scourge, consumption, is the cause of many more deaths than either cholera or yellow fever, or any other of the long list of mortal maladies. Yet few diseases are more amenable to proper treatment. God's great boon of fresh air is an almost sovereign cure. Hence, many persons find complete restoration of health amid the pine forests of the Adirondacks and the palm groves of Southern California.

But in our own country, amid the pure air and balm-breathing woods of Muskoka, pure dry air, and in our National Park in the Rocky Mountains, are all the conditions required for the restoration to health of a large proportion of those afflicted with this delusive disease.

Our fellow-citizen, Mr. W. J. Gage, inspired by a noble philanthropy, has organized a sanitarium at Gravenhurst for the benefit of this afflicted class. He has himself given $25,000 for this purpose, as did also the late Hart A. Massey. The town of Gravenhurst has voted $10,000, and the Ontario Government has promised the same allowance per diem for each patient of the province as is given to the General Hospitals. The Dominion Government has been asked for aid, and an appeal is being made for an endowment fund of $250,000. The railways promise special privileges to patients seeking health in this sanitarium. We hope that this beautiful charity will win much sympathy and practical co-operation. We believe it prolongs in health and happiness many useful lives, and makes one of the most beautiful and most attractive parts of our country very widely known.

Mr. Gage, the moving spirit in this enterprise has secured the incorporation of an association for the management of this charity with the following officers: Sir Donald Smith, Montreal, president; Hon. Chief Justice Meredith, Toronto, vice-president; Mr. W. J. Gage, Toronto, treasurer; N. A. Powell, M.D., Toronto, secretary. Trustees named in the bill: W. E. H. Massey, Toronto; James Ross, Montreal; George A. Cox, Toronto; Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., Toronto; Edward Gurney, Toronto; Hugh Blain, Toronto; D. E. Thomson, Q.C., Toronto.

Crime and Its Punishment.

We do not think it Phariseeism to recognize the advantages which Canadians enjoy as a nation. "The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage." In the providence of God we are exempt from certain evils which assail other peoples, and enjoy advantages peculiar to ourselves. One of these is the almost ideal administration of justice in this country.

We have not reached that degree of high moral evolution when crimes of violence are unknown, but when they do occur they are promptly dealt with by due process of law. Such a thing as a mob usurping the functions of justice and inflicting punishment by Lynch law—a greater crime often than that of its victim—is unknown among us. Justice holds the scale with even hand. The poorest man among us if accused of crime, is sure of a fair trial and skilled counsel for his defence. A millionaire criminal, if there were such, can have no more, no less.

Notwithstanding the high degree of civilization reached by the United States, this ideal administration of justice does not universally obtain in that country. Whether this results from an elected

judiciary, by an abuse of a system of appeal from court to court, of the law's delays, purchaseable by gold, we do not know.

Dr. Andrew D. White, late President of Cornell University, ex-minister to Berlin and to St. Petersburg, and now a member of the Venezuelan Commission, recently spoke on the subject of "The Problem of High Crime in the United States," in Boston and in New York. He asserted that in no other civilized country does our brother's blood cry from the ground so loudly and so vainly, and that under no other civilized government, whether monarchy or republic, is the right to life at the present time so trampled upon by privileged class—a privileged class of criminals; that the United States is, among all the nations of the Christian world, that country in which the crime of murder is most frequently committed and least frequently punished. We quote the following synopsis of Dr. White's address from the report of it in *The Tribune:*

"He held that in all of the great cities of this country there is a well-defined criminal class, a class of men whose profession is crime, just as clearly as the profession of Marshall Field, of Chicago, is known to be trade, and that of Mr. Choate, at New York, the law. This criminal class is 'preserved'—to use a game term—with practically the same care that is given to the preservation of wild beasts in India. Jungles have been developed in which its stronger men may prowl, and from which they sally forth to prey upon the community. Judiciary committees of legislatures exhibit a strong conservative opposition to any thorough cutting into or clearing up of these jungles, and in the larger cities the eminent criminal lawyer, 'the man ready to resort to any expedient and to go any length in the defence of crime, from wheedling the justice in his court to bullying the governor in his bedchamber, is a recognized personage."

"The speaker passed from this argument on what may be termed the nurture of the criminal class to a consideration of vital statistics, showing that the increase of criminals has been far in excess in proportion to the increase of the population. In 1850 the number of offenders in prison for each million of inhabitants was about 300, in 1860 over 600, ten years later nearly 900, and in 1880 nearly 1,200. Dr. White showed by statistics that the number of homicides in this country for seven years, ending last year, was 47,469. The increase to the million of population is from 58.1 to 155.3 per cent. The number of legal executions for the same years was 722, and the number of lynchings 1,115." Dr. White created a sensation when he said: "I announce to you that there are doomed to death in the United States during the year which begins this day certainly over 10,000 people who will be executed murderously, cruelly."

Commenting upon Dr. Andrew D. White's lecture on "High Crime" in the United States, the Atlanta *Constitution* says: "There is something radically wrong in the social system when such things are possible. In the craze for material progress we are neglecting the moral instruction of the young people who are coming on the stage to control the affairs of the nation. There never was a time in our history when so many men from the respectable classes joined the great army of criminals. If these conditions continue, the outlook will be dark, indeed. The situation bristles with problems which should command the attention of every preacher, statesman and friend of humanity."

The *Golden Rule* says: "It is of much significance that the speaker held that this terrible state of things is largely due to the sensational illustrated newspapers, the 'blood and thunder' dime novels, and the theatre posters, with their vividly depicted duels, suicides, and murders. Many a shop window, hung with wide open papers crowded with pictures of crime, is a high school of lawlessness, always in session, and never lacking eager scholars. Every honest man's hand should be against them, and our lawmakers should send them all to the flames"

On this subject we have the following testimony of the *Independent*, one of the best informed and fairest-minded papers in the United States: "Neither brutal ruffians nor ladylike murderesses, neither vulgar thieves nor gentlemanly misappropriators, at present stand in fear of our criminal courts. That part of the legal profession which is engaged in criminal practice seems to have lost a sense of its responsibility for the safety and the moral health of society, which every lawyer, as an officer of the court, is sworn to protect."

Viper Literature.

The cheap press of the day is one of the greatest blessings to mankind. It is the greatest agent for the diffusion of knowledge and of sound and wholesome

literature ; but it is employed by vile men for the dissemination of infidel, pernicious and corrupting reading. This Satanic work it is almost impossible to suppress ; and the freer the country the more difficult the task. In England, in the United States, in France, Belgium and Italy, the viper press has agents.

In Canada we do not think it exists, as our smaller population and, we believe, more wholesome tastes prevent its establishment. But some of this vicious and pernicious reading does find its way into our country. The Woman's National Council at Montreal the other day sounded a note of alarm and stated that odious panderers to vice, in both town and country, try to infect the youthful minds in our schools with its deadly virus, and the Council urged unceasing vigilance for its detection and expulsion.

The laws of the United States forbid the use of mails for sending obscene and vulgar prints and papers. So have those of Canada, and an indecent infidel paper published in New York prints at its head, "Prohibited in Canada." A picture on its first page shows Science as a queenly woman grappling with a hideous reptile labelled "Religion," and Free Thought as a figure in antique mail with helmet and sword, as a gallant soldier. We presume he is about to slay the reptile, Religion.

This paper makes a specialty of caricature of our Lord and announces a comic Bible, in which the holiest hopes of mankind are treated with scoff and scorn. We are glad that this paper is prohibited, and the people of Canada will sustain any Government of any party in rigidly excluding it from our mails.

Methodist Union.

Although Canada is one of the youngest of the nations, it has set an example that some of the oldest would do well to follow. The striking success of Methodist union in this country has greatly impressed intelligent visitors from the Old Land. The extraordinary growth and development in numbers, in influence, in education and publishing institutions, in church architecture, in Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues, and above all, in old-fashioned conversions to God, may be justly accepted as the seal and signal of the Divine approval on the Methodist union so happily consummated among us. "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Stimulated by the example of Canadian Methodism, the Methodism of Australasia has been making long strides towards Methodist union as indicated by the following facts which we glean from the *Methodist Times:* "The question of Methodist union has been discussed this year in each of the sixteen Methodist Conferences of Australasia. In New Zealand Methodist union is an accomplished fact. The Free Church Methodists and Bible Christians have held their last Conferences in New Zealand. A joint Conference has already arranged the appointments for the present year ; and Wesleyan Methodist, Free Methodist, and Bible Christian ministers are completely fused throughout the six districts of the colony. In the colony of Queensland the question of union will be submitted to the people for settlement next year, the jubilee year of Queensland Methodism. In South Australia the unhoped-for unanimity in the Wesleyan Methodist Conference is regarded by all as a manifest sign of Divine guidance. In Victoria and Tasmania the minor Methodist bodies displayed the same beautiful spirit as in the other colonies ; and the only opposition, and that of a purely financial and temporary character, was exhibited in our own Conference."

It appears that every Methodist Church in Australasia is in favour of Methodist reunion. Nobody dares to oppose reunion on its merits ; but a few of our ministers and laymen seem to trust God for everything except money. They enlarge upon those petty financial difficulties of which we have heard so much at home ; but the hand of God is sweeping all such cobwebs on one side, and there is no doubt that within the next few years there will be only one Methodist Church in every Australasian colony.

CHARITY.

Then constant faith and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy ;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shall stand before the host of heaven confessed,
Forever blessing, and forever blest.

Recent Science.

Telegraphy without Wires.

The Rev. W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S., says there has long been a conviction that ultimately it would be found possible to transmit telegraphic messages, under proper conditions, without the usual wires. No doubt it will be accomplished, but Mr. Edison has a scheme that to him appears full of promise. He has discovered that if sufficient elevation be obtained to overcome the curvature of the earth's surface, and to reduce to the minimum the earth's absorption, electric telegraphing or signalling between distant points can be carried on by induction, without the use of wires connecting such distant points. This discovery is especially applicable to telegraphing across bodies of water, thus avoiding the use of submarine cables, or for communicating between vessels at sea, or between vessels at sea and points on land; but it is also applicable to electric communication between distant points on land, it being necessary, however, on land (with the exception of communication over open prairie) to increase the elevation in order to reduce to the minimum the induction-absorbing effect of houses, trees, and elevations in the land itself. At sea, from an elevation of one hundred feet, he can communicate electrically a great distance, and since a sufficient elevation can be had by utilizing the masts of ships, signals can be sent and received between ships separated a considerable distance; and by repeating the signals from ship to ship, communication can be established between points any distance apart, or across the largest seas, and even oceans. The collision of ships in fog can be prevented by this character of signalling, by the use of which, also, the safety of a ship in approaching a dangerous coast in foggy weather can be assured.

In communicating between points of land, poles of great height can be used, or captive balloons. At these elevated points condensing surfaces of metal or other conductor of electricity are located. Each condensing surface is connected with earth by an electrical conducting wire. On land this earth connection would be of usual character in telegraphy. At sea the wire would run to one or more metal plates on the bottom of the vessel, where the earth connection would be made with the water. The high-resistance secondary circuit of an inductive coil is located in circuit between the condensing surface and the ground. The primary circuit of the induction coil includes a battery and a device for transmitting signals, which may be a revolving circuit-breaker operated continually by a motor, either electrical or mechanical, and a key normally short, circuiting the circuit-breaker or secondary coil. For receiving signals he locates in the said circuit, between the condensing surface and the ground, a diaphragm sounder, which is preferably one of his special electro-motograph telephone receivers. — *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

Great Speed on Railroads.

Have we reached the limit of express-speed on railroads? Many think we are near it, not because we can not get any higher power than that now at our disposal, but because the resistance of the air increases so much faster than our speed that presently we shall not be able to force our locomotives against it. Hiram S. Maxim, however, is not of this opinion, provided we make our trains of proper shape. The resistance, he says, is due to the irregular form of our trains; if we make a locomotive with smooth, fine lines, as we make a yacht, it will glide through the air as the boat does through the water. Some progress has already been made in France along these lines by fitting locomotives with pointed prows or air-shields. Mr. Maxim's idea appears in the following paragraphs, which we quote from his article in the "electrical number" of *Cassier's Magazine:*

"I see no reason why we might not expect to double the speed of steam-driven railroad trains. Ordinary electric trains should travel at the rate of 90 to 100 miles an hour and express trains at, say, 120; but in order to do this it would be necessary so to construct the carriages as to enable them to pass through the air without any great resistance. The train should be pointed at both ends, and have the appearance of being all in one piece; even the wheels and axletrees would have to be boxed in. I find in my experiments that atmospheric skin friction on a smooth surface is so very small that it need not be considered as a factor at all, but the power required to drive a rough or irregular body through the air is very great.

"In the steam-driven train great power

is required to enable it to mount even a slight gradient, and all this energy is wasted in heat and friction on the brakes in descending the next grade. The extra amount of energy consumed by an electrically-driven train in mounting a gradient could again be utilized in descending the next gradient, because the descending train, moving at a high velocity, instead of having its speed checked by the use of brakes, could turn a switch in such a direction as to convert the motors themselves into generators, which would actually send a current into the line which would be available for the use of other trains. The storing of energy developed by a descending train has always been a desideratum; it is quite impracticable to use it with steam-driven trains, while it is considered a very simple matter in trains that are driven by a cable or by electricity."

The Great Rose-Tree.

The oldest rose-bush in the world is found at Hildesheim, a small city of Hanover, where it emerges from the subsoil of the Church of the Cemetery. Its roots are found in the subsoil, and the primitive stem has been dead for a long time, but the new stems have made a passage through a crevice in the wall, and cover almost the entire church with their branches for a width and height of forty feet. According to tradition, the Hildesheim rose-bush was planted by Charlemagne in 833, and the church having been burned down in the eleventh century, the root continued to grow in the subsoil. Mr. Raener has recently published a book upon this venerable plant, in which he proves that it is at least three centuries of age. It is mentioned in a poem written in 1690, and also in the work of a Jesuit who died in 1673.

HILDESHEIM CATHEDRAL, AND OLD ROSE TREE.

Book Notices.

The Preacher's Complete Homiletic Commentary on the New Testament (with Critical and Exegetical Notes). By many Distinguished Biblical Scholars. Vol. I., Matthew. By Rev. W. Sunderland Lewis, M.A., and Rev. Henry M. Booth. Cloth, 8vo, 679 pp. $3. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have made the preaching fraternity very greatly their debtors by the series of important books helpful to ministers which they have issued. Their method of publishing them enables the reader to get books generally put out in small editions, and, therefore, high-priced, at a greatly reduced cost. By securing orders in advance they are able to go to press with a large edition, and thus keep down the price. Their last enterprise of this nature is one which promises to be exceedingly useful to ministers.

This is the first volume of an extensive work of eleven volumes on the New Testament, printed from imported plates obtained from the publishers in London, where the entire work has been issued after years of preparation. The present work is a companion to the Complete Homiletic Commentary on the Old Testament which received such a substantial welcome. More than 8,000 subscribers for the latter (in all denominations) have anxiously awaited the completion of the New Testament portion of this valuable work. The expressions of satisfaction that have come to the publishers from thousands of preachers who are using the Old Testament portion are remarkable, and an equally hearty welcome for the New Testament volumes is confidently expected. In this valuable commentary, by various authors, is found a sermon outline or homiletic suggestion on every paragraph or verse of the New Testament that can be turned to use in the preparation of a sermon. Abundant choice selections of illustrations, etc., from many eminent sources other than the authors of the volumes, are also given. The type is large and clear, and the books convenient to handle.

Considering the exhaustive character of this Commentary, inasmuch as it opens up for homiletic use every available verse or paragraph of the New Testament that can be turned into use for homiletical purposes, it is difficult to overestimate its importance. It is a great granary of seed for homiletic thought and illustration.

No apology seems necessary for a work of this kind. The treasures of the Word of God cannot be exhausted. It is the business and duty of the clergy, preachers and teachers to find these treasures, to present them to the people, to show their inestimable value, that those to whom they minister may become "rich unto salvation."

Many of the rich deposits of truth are so hidden from even the most diligent workman that he must use all means possible to discover them; and how often there comes to the devoted cultured mind an illumination that shows the treasures lying in a text or passage hitherto regarded as almost barren. The most happily constituted individual has but limited powers of insight and interpretation; but in this Homiletical Commentary we have the united labours of the great workers in the field. It furnishes a digest of the best commentaries.

The Bible student need not fear that he will sacrifice his own independence of research by examining a text in the light reflected by others; the texts are not depleted by elucidations.

This work is not of the nature of a labour-saving machine. Its purpose is to furnish fructifying germs, calling for abundance of labour, but designed to render the labour in the highest degree fruitful. It develops and stimulates originality in those who use it, but is no resting-place for mental indolence.

Christ's Trumpet Call to the Ministry; or, the Preacher and the Preaching for the Present Crisis. By Daniel S. Gregory, D.D., LL.D. 12mo, cloth, 365 pp. $1.25. New York, London, and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This book is the result of a profound conviction on the part of the author that the questions discussed are, for the ministry and for the Church, life-and-death questions that every preacher of the Gospel should, for the glory of the Master, and for the sake of a lost world, take up, consider carefully, and settle in the light of the word of God. The chapters cover the whole field of ministerial duty in its

relation to present conditions and exigencies.

The book presents an entirely new aspect of the great crisis to which the Church of Christ has come. It demonstrates her obligation for the immediate evangelization of the world, and shows that Christ has given into her hands all the requisite means, forces and agencies. It brings out and emphasizes the responsibility of the ministry as the divinely constituted leaders and directors in this work. It unfolds the methods and agencies by which the minister as preacher and pastor is to bring the Gospel to bear with the requisite preaching power and administrative ability for meeting the crisis and conquering the world for Christ now.

In view of the present great crisis in the work of the world's evangelization, and in view of the wide and anxious expectation of a great and world-wide awakening and quickening of the Church, this book ought to be read by all ministers of the Gospel everywhere.

Canadian Savage Folk: The Native Tribes of Canada. By Rev. John Maclean, Ph.D. Octavo, pp. 641. Illustrated. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $2 50.

This is, we believe, the largest and most important book on the native races of Canada that has yet been published. It is the result of careful and thorough study of many years. During his missionary life among Indian tribes, and by subsequent investigation, Dr. Maclean has familiarized himself with the languages, traditions, religions, manners and customs of the Canadian aborigines. His previous volume on the "Indians of Canada" is a demonstration of his qualifications for treating the records of our native races. This book will be permanent authority on this subject.

He has first a comparative study of the different tribes, analyses their grammar, forms of speech, and their records and traditions. The account of lodge life, social and domestic relations, courtship and marriage, death and burial usages and the like, are full of instruction and interest. A number of engravings of Indian types, Indian pipes, utensils, ornaments, etc., have been specially prepared for this volume. Dr. Maclean states that among the semi-civilized tribes of Ontario and Quebec there is a slow and steady increase; but when we visit the tribes which have only lately come in contact with the white people, there is a very rapid decrease. There are in all in Canada about 121,000 Indians.

A Defence of Christian Perfection; or, A Criticism of Dr. James Mudge's "Growth in Holiness Toward Perfection." By Daniel Steele, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

Dr. Steele's "Love Enthroned" and "Milestone Papers" have won a grateful recognition as among the best books published on the subject of the higher Christian life. It is unfortunate that the doctrine of Christian perfection has been the subject of so much controversy; but we are instructed to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. In this book Dr. Steele combats what he deems to be the errors of an unscriptural form of teaching on this subject. It cannot fail to lead to clearer and, we think, more spiritual conceptions of a most important truth.

Literary Notes.

The Yale Review for May is at hand with a very rich bill of fare. Prominent among the contributed articles is one on the Economics of Improved Housing, by our old friend and Victoria alumnus, Dr. E. R. L. Gould, of Johns Hopkins University. The plea of Dr. Gould for good houses for tenant workmen is a very strong one. He grapples with the whole question from the practical and business standpoint. He is too experienced an economist to trust to mere sentiment. His entire scheme of social reform in this respect is founded on a common-sense, business and paying basis. He asks his landlord not to be ruled by selfish greed, but to be satisfied with moderate, but safe and reasonable returns, and to provide sanitary and comfortable accommodation. His facts and figures seem to prove most clearly that this will pay.

Current History. The first quarter of 1896 has been peculiarly rich in remarkable events. Our record opens with the discovery of the X rays, and gives a fine photogravure of Dr. Roentgen and a most lucid account of his great discovery and the scientific movement which led up to it. This single article is well worth the forty cents, price of the number. Mr. McLennan, of Toronto University, here receives due credit for his splendid discovery, "in many respects the most important discovery made since Roentgen's original announcement." Mr. McLennan's discovery consists in such a focusing of the rays as gives a shadowgraph in a few seconds instead of the hour formerly required. N. B.

NOTES OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCES OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

The Methodist Church.

The General Superintendent went to British Columbia and spent a few weeks at Port Simpson and other Indian missions, where he greatly encouraged the hearts of the missionary staff and acquired some valuable information respecting those missions which he will use to good purpose in days to come. Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, and Rev. Dr. Griffin, Treasurer of Superannuation Fund, were both there, and took a hearty interest in all deliberations. Their visit and services were greatly appreciated.

Dr. Carman was in time for the opening of the Manitoba and Northwest Conference, which met at Winnipeg. Dr. Carman presided at the ministerial Conference and expressed his satisfaction and joy in meeting his brethren, saying that he was glad for reasons fraternal, social, denominational, ecclesiastical and cosmopolitan. He gave glory to God that through their labours there had been great expansion of the work as compared with the times of his earlier visits.

At the mixed Conference he spoke at greater length on the great issues in Church and State. He spoke of the services which he had held among the Indians at Port Simpson, which he described as earnest and decorous, with as clear relations of Christian experience as he had heard in any meetings he had attended for years. He said he had also come from the east, where there had been some little division, as in the Montreal Conference and the Bay of Quinte Conference, where methods had been in use which were in many regards extravagant. Dr. Carman went on to say that he had never experienced such satisfaction in visiting the Conferences as he had this time.

Dr. Carman preached the ordination sermon, when five young men were received into full connection with the Conference, three of whom had been previously ordained. Early after the Sabbath he travelled eastward, and reached Toronto in time for the opening of the Conference, which assembled in Trinity church. His address at the opening was thrilling and elaborate. A most hearty vote of thanks was tendered the Doctor, and he was requested to convey the greetings of the Conference to the brethren in the Maritime Conferences, whither he intended to proceed in a few days.

Presidents and Secretaries.—Toronto—Revs. A. Langford and L. W. Hill, B.A. London—Revs. G. Jackson and C. Smith. Hamilton—Revs. J. VanWyck, B.A., and F. Nugent. Bay of Quinte—Revs. T. M. Campbell and W. J. Young. Montreal—Revs. J. T. Pitcher and A. L. Holmes. Manitoba and Northwest—Revs. G. W. Dean and T. C. Buchanan. British Columbia—Revs. C. Ladner and J. P. Bowell.

Our space only permits us to give a brief summary of the business transacted at each.

Manitoba and North-West Conference.

The school question, as might be expected, came up for discussion, but the Conference was almost unanimous in its condemnation of coercion in enforcing the proposed bill of the Government. As this is substantially true respecting the action of all the other Conferences, no further reference will be made to the Manitoba School question.

The Conference missionary meeting was addressed by Miss Lynch, corresponding secretary of the Woman's branch, and Miss Morgan, late of Japan, who gave an interesting account of the work in the Empire of the Rising Sun. Dr. Sutherland spoke at length on the importance of evangelizing the nations of the earth. The Doctor also preached on Sabbath evening, and now and then took part in the Conference proceedings.

His address at one of the sessions, which was largely in reply to questions sent to the platform in writing, was deeply interesting. He called special attention to the Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, and cautioned the Conference against encouraging societies which are outside of the Church, as they tended to weaken the missions of

the Church. Such societies are almost sure to be disintegrating, and not connexional. He strongly advised all contributions to be made through the proper channels, otherwise irregularities and confusion were sure to ensue.

A Welcome Visitor.—Rev. F. W. Warne, B.D., of Calcutta, received a cordial welcome from his old friends. He stated that the M. E. Church in India was making marvellous progress. Eight years ago there were 11,000 members, now there are 107,000. The baptisms averaged 1,000 monthly for eight years, and 50,000 were waiting at the present time for the rite to be performed.

Young People's Rally.—This was a grand affair. Mr. Nixon told of the early days of Sunday-schools in Winnipeg, when he knew of a school with ten scholars; now there are in the Conference 249 schools, 13,235 scholars, an increase of 697 over last year. Rev. A. C. Crews, the General Secretary, gave an address brimful of information respecting the Epworth League movement.

The Sunday-school Committee's report was large, and contained many encouraging items. The Statistical Committee's report was full of hard facts. The increase of members was 556. There was an increase in the Connexional Funds of more than $1,800, $5,612 more had been paid to ministerial support than in the previous year, and for all purposes the increase was $21,536.51. There is an increase of nineteen in the number of ministers, and the average salary is $670, and of probationers $308.

Wesley College.—Principal Sparling reported an income of $11,023, and an expenditure of $11,391. The various places in the Conference accept a tax upon their receipts for the support of the college, which is highly creditable. There were 130 students in attendance last year, of whom seventy-two were new. This year sixty-six competed in the University examinations, and six medals and six scholarships had been won. Special mention was made of the kindness of the late H. A. Massey, Esq., and family. Apportioned to attend college, twenty-eight probationers to Wesley, six to Victoria, one to Mount Allison, and one to medical college.

On the recommendation of the Stationing Committee, two new missions were formed and another was restored for one year. Three young men were allowed to be employed under chairmen. Rev. W. H. Colpitts was made superannuate on account of ill health.

British Columbia Conference.

The city of New Westminster was the place of meeting. At the temperance meeting, Rev. W. Barraclough dwelt largely on the Indian aspect of the question. Dr. Griffin gave some hard thrusts at those who claim to be temperance men and vote for antis. The missionary meeting came next. C. M. Tate, a veteran among the Indians, gave many facts. Dr. Sutherland gave a detailed report of the state of missions in all the Conferences. He made an earnest appeal for increased contributions.

Dr. Griffin took ample time in Conference in the presence of ministers and laymen to plead on behalf of the Superannuation Fund. He insisted that it was no charity, neither was it an assurance, but a matter of contract, of justice and right. These points were made clear. He reminded the Conference that notwithstanding multiplied city appointments, the average yearly salary did not exceed $600.

Mr. Crews dwelt largely on the Epworth League movement, and thought that a society which can leap from one to a million and a half in a few years, possessed potentialities which are illimitable. He made it clear that the League was the hope of the Church, of missions, of temperance, etc.

Question Drawer.—Drs. Griffin and Sutherland were asked many questions relating to finance and the peculiarities that pertain to British Columbia, more especially in Kamloops District. New missions are often a great difficulty, and great care is needed not to increase their number too rapidly; two-thirds of a missionary's salary should be guaranteed before the mission is begun.

Columbia College, in despite of the hard times, had done well. Again Mr. Massey's benevolence had been of paramount value. It is intended to assess the circuits for the support of the college in a manner similar to that adopted on behalf of the Superannuation Fund.

The Chinese work is prospering. A missionary is requested to labour among the Japanese. The president of the Conference is appointed to a place which was only opened a year ago, a church has been built, and he contemplates erecting a parsonage, mainly with his own hands.

Dr. Carman's letter in the *Christian*

Guardian of June 10th, *re* the Indians of Port Essington, should be read and pondered by every Methodist in the Dominion.

At the closing session, the eastern brethren took leave. Dr. Griffin said he had been deeply interested with what he had seen and heard, and he felt much sympathy for them, but, said he, "you are not having any harder times than we had—Dr. Sutherland and myself—in the old days, and it won't last forever. You are in a new country, laying the foundations. Better days are coming, coming sure."

Toronto Conference.

As intimated above, Trinity Church was the place of meeting. Dr. Potts, Secretary of the Educational Society, made his annual report, in which he stated that the income was $27,112, and the expenditure $33,023. The number of students in attendance was 253, and the number of the staff is eleven professors and lecturers in Arts, and six in Theology, the latter taking work in both faculties.

Chancellor Burwash spoke very hopefully concerning the University. The attendance had never been so large as at present. Some of the students had carried off the best prizes, both in Victoria and the Provincial University.

One case of Discipline occupied much time, and was finally referred to the Court of Appeal.

The reports of the various committees occasioned much discussion, particularly the Sabbath Observance. The Sunday-school Committee strongly recommended increased attention to be paid to the improvement of teachers. The "Rally" of the Young People was the largest held up to this time. The addresses of the Revs. Dr. Campbell and J. J. Redditt were excellent. An enthusiastic temperance meeting occupied one evening, when Dr. Lucas and Mrs. Rutherford were the speakers, and did their work most efficiently.

Dr. Briggs, Book Steward, presented a very encouraging report. The turn-over of money exceeded $400,000, there was an increase of profits, and $7,500 was granted to the Superannuation Fund. Drs. Withrow and Courtice, editors, also addressed the Conference. The Sunday-school publications continue to occupy a foremost place.

The reception and ordination services were very successful. Revs. Dr. Parker and J. E. Lanceley were the speakers at the former, and Chancellor Burwash the preacher at the latter. The Conference love-feast, led by Rev. W. Burns, was a season of spiritual enjoyment.

Owing to the increasing difficulty of stationing the ministers, the following resolution was adopted :

It was moved by J. J. Maclaren, and seconded by Rev. Dr. German :

"1. That this Conference is of opinion that in at least the older parts of the country the needs of the home work are not likely to require in the near future the reception of so many candidates for the ministry in that department as have been received of late years. That such a reduction would greatly tend to aid in carrying out a readjustment of the work which is imperatively called for in many places in order that better salaries may be paid to our ministers, that Missionary, Superannuation and other connexional funds of the Church may be more adequately sustained, and that the authorities of the Church may be relieved from some of the embarrassments now experienced on account of the large number of ministers and probationers in the older fields of the home work."

"2. That the Special Committee of this Conference to be appointed at the present session be directed to carefully consider this whole question during the year, and report thereon to the Conference of 1897."

The Conference was invited to an "At Home," at the Government House, where a few pleasant hours were spent.

The Presbyterian Assembly met in Toronto and sent a fraternal delegation, consisting of Revs. Dr. Bruce, Herdman and J. K. Macdonald, Esq., who addressed the Conference in the most friendly terms. Rev. Drs. Potts and Dewart, and J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., returned with these honoured brethren, and conveyed Methodist greetings to the Assembly.

The ordination class presented the president with a picture which contained their photos, with that of the president in the centre. This was a day of many pleasantries.

The deaconess work was brought before the Conference in an admirable manner by some of the worthy ladies themselves, accompanied by Rev. G. J. Bishop and Mr. W. Kennedy.

Three brethren were elected chairmen of districts for the first time, Revs. J. C. Speer, T. Bartley, and H. M. Manning.

The lecture before the Theological Union was on the "Witness of the Holy Spirit," which was given by Rev. R. P. Bowles, B.D., and was deservedly commended.

Montreal Conference.

Stanstead was the place of meeting. The ministerial session was comparatively brief. Instead of a lecture as announced on the evening of the first day, a paper was read by Rev. A. M. Phillips on "The Making of a Man."

There was such a large supply of ministers that it was resolved in the future to ascertain on the first day of Conference how many additional candidates are necessary, so as not to call out more than are needed.

The educational meeting was a good one. Wesleyan Theological College reported satisfactorily, both in respect to attendance and finance. Reports from the educational institutions in the west and from the Book-Room and Editors, and Missionary and Superannuation departments, were all submitted and received very cordially.

At the memorial service obituaries were read respecting Revs. W. Briden, Alexander Shorts and G. S. Whitmore, a probationer. The Conference treated the memories of the departed most respectfully. Thirteen young men were received into full connection with the Conference and ordained. Rev. J. Mavety and Dr. Ryckman spoke for their reception, and the ordination sermon was preached by the venerable John Armstrong, who has been nearly fifty years in the ministry, all of which has been spent within the bounds of Montreal Conference. The Sabbath services were greatly enjoyed, and the holiness meeting on Saturday night was a season of power. The sermon on Sabbath evening was a baccalaureate sermon for Stanstead College, and was preached by Rev. Dr. Rose, and Dr. Ryckman addressed the students.

Revs. W. J. Hunter, D.D., J. O'Hara, W. Adams and W. Barnett were added to the list of superannuates. At the last session of the Conference it was found necessary to allow chairmen of districts to employ certain brethren, and three others were to be ordained for special purposes. The Conference was pronounced one of the most harmonious ever held. Rev. W. H. Emsley was elected chairman of district for the first time.

Hamilton Conference.

This Conference met in Galt. The following were allowed to retire to the superannuation list: Jas. McAllister, C. Hamilton, Jas. Masson, J. T. Davis, J. H. Kennedy, Thos. Gee, C. Stringfellow and R. J. Forman. Each of these veterans addressed the Conference on their retirement; one stated that he had taken more than 2,000 members into the Church.

Ten probationers, having completed their course, were received into full connection with the Conference and ordained; six were placed on the list of reserve and three candidates were received on probation.

Mixed Conference.—On the first day a vote of sympathy and esteem was adopted for Rev. J. Scott, D.D., on his departure for Japan.

According to a previous arrangement an evening was set apart to receive the connexional officers. Rev. A. Courtice, of the *Christian Guardian*, Dr. Briggs, Book Steward, Dr. Potts, Secretary of Education, severally addressed the Conference on behalf of their respective departments. Reports from Wesleyan Ladies' College, Wesleyan College, Montreal, Alma College, St. Thomas, and Albert College. Appropriate resolutions were adopted *re* those institutions.

Memorial Service.—Revs. E. Bristol, S. Fear and S. Terwilliger, having died during the year, obituaries were read respecting them, and appropriate remarks were made by some of their former colleagues and fellow-labourers.

The reception service, as usual, was one of the most interesting of all that were held. Revs. Dr. J. G. Scott and J. Wakefield addressed the Conference for the reception of the class. On the Sabbath following they were ordained, when Rev. Dr. Potts, D.D., preached the sermon.

Rev. Dr. Withrow addressed the Conference on behalf of the Sunday-school publications, and Dr. Griffin made an earnest appeal for the superannuates.

Strong resolutions were adopted in favour of better observance of the Sabbath and on temperance and systematic beneficence.

The committee's report on statistics was so far gratifying, that there is an increase in the membership of 756. Most of the funds suffer by reason of the hard times.

London Conference.

Stratford was the place of meeting. The ministerial session only occupied one day, on the evening of which the Sunday-school and Epworth League anniversary was held. Rev. J. Learoyd presided, and Revs. G. Jackson, T. W. Blatchford, and Mr. F. W. Daly addressed the meeting.

The General Conference officers were in attendance, and the various educational institutions were well represented, and their interests earnestly advocated.

Six probationers were received into full connection and ordained. Rev. H. J. Locke and G. W. Henderson were the speakers at the reception service. Fraternal greetings were exchanged with Montreal, Hamilton, and Bay of Quinte Conferences.

Hon. Mr. Laurier informed a deputation that he would favour Prohibition.

Rev. J. R. Gundy delivered a lecture before the Theological Union on the "Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures."

The ordination service was impressive. The retiring president delivered the ordination sermon, which has since been published in the *Christian Guardian*. Rev. A. Cunningham preached in the evening and Rev. W. S. McDonagh presided at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Rev. J. Philp, B.D., presented the statistical report, which was luminous. The net increase of members is 1,293; 2,361 conversions were reported in the Sunday-schools.

Bay of Quinte Conference.

Trenton was the place of meeting. All the sessions and public services awakened great interest. The Anglican church rector, Rev. W. F. Armstrong, placed Canterbury Hall at the service of the Conference during its sittings, which was thankfully accepted for overflow meetings on Sabbath.

A minister of twenty-four years' standing withdrew. Rev. R. M. Pope was restored to the active work. Four probationers were reported withdrawn. Eight probationers were received into full connection and ordained; seven others were on the list of reserve, and seven candidates for the ministry were received. Four ministers were added to the superannuation list, and five were reported supernumeraries.

A deputation from the town council presented an address of welcome to the Conference, which was most cordially received. The W.C.T.U. also presented their congratulations.

Montreal Conference sent its greetings. On the evening of the first day an open session was held to hear the General Conference officers. Chancellor Burwash responded for Victoria University, Dr. Dyer for Albert, and communications were received from Dr. Sutherland, Hamilton Ladies' College and the Anglican Synod, to which suitable responses were given.

Rev. M. L. Pearson, president of Toronto Conference, was introduced. The Statistical Committee had their report ready on the second day of Conference. The increase in the membership is 581. The increase of Sunday-school scholars is 624, and of scholars who are members, 256. The funds had not sustained such a diminution as some feared.

Five ministers had finished their course, two of whom, Dr. Jeffers and J. Hughes, were aged veterans. Honourable mention was made of them all.

Greetings were sent to Montreal, Hamilton and London Conferences.

The reception service excited great interest, at which Rev. Drs. McDiarmid and Crothers, with the president, took part.

Rev. M. J. Bates was continued as Conference evangelist.

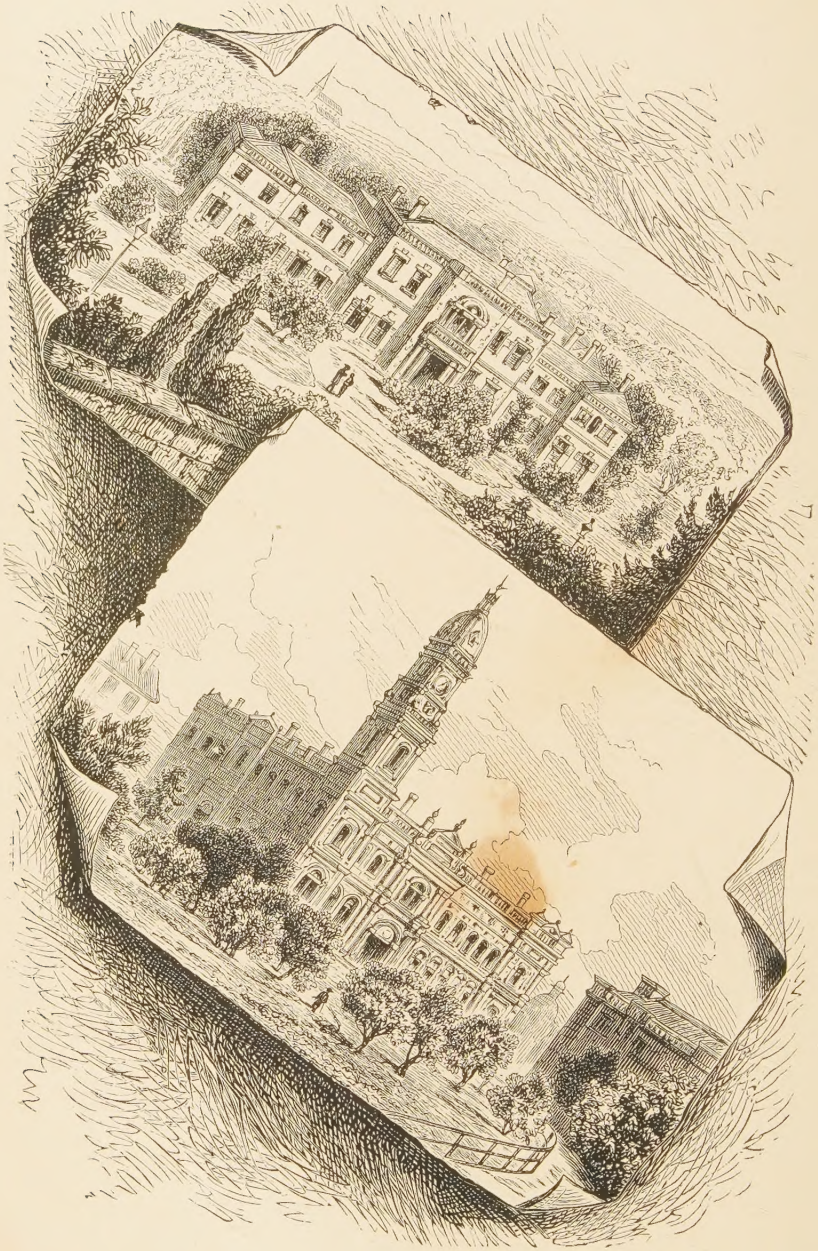
The lecture before the Theological Union was given by Rev. J. A. McCamus on "Pre-millennarianism."

The Sabbath services excited great interest, some were reported to have driven twenty miles to attend. The love-feast was conducted by Rev. J. Kines, and Professor Reynar preached the ordination sermon. In the afternoon a grand open-air service was held, which was numerously attended.

Rev. Dr. Smith is about to proceed to China as a medical missionary. The Conference expressed its esteem and admiration for his zeal and assured him that he would not be forgotten by his brethren.

A deputation from the W.M.S. addressed the Conference in appropriate terms, to which responses were made by members of the Conference.

The Book Steward and Editor of the *Christian Guardian* were also present at one session, and represented the claims of their respective departments. Principal Shaw, from Montreal, was present at one session and greatly interested the Conference on behalf of Wesleyan Theological College.



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